

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.

L O N D O N :

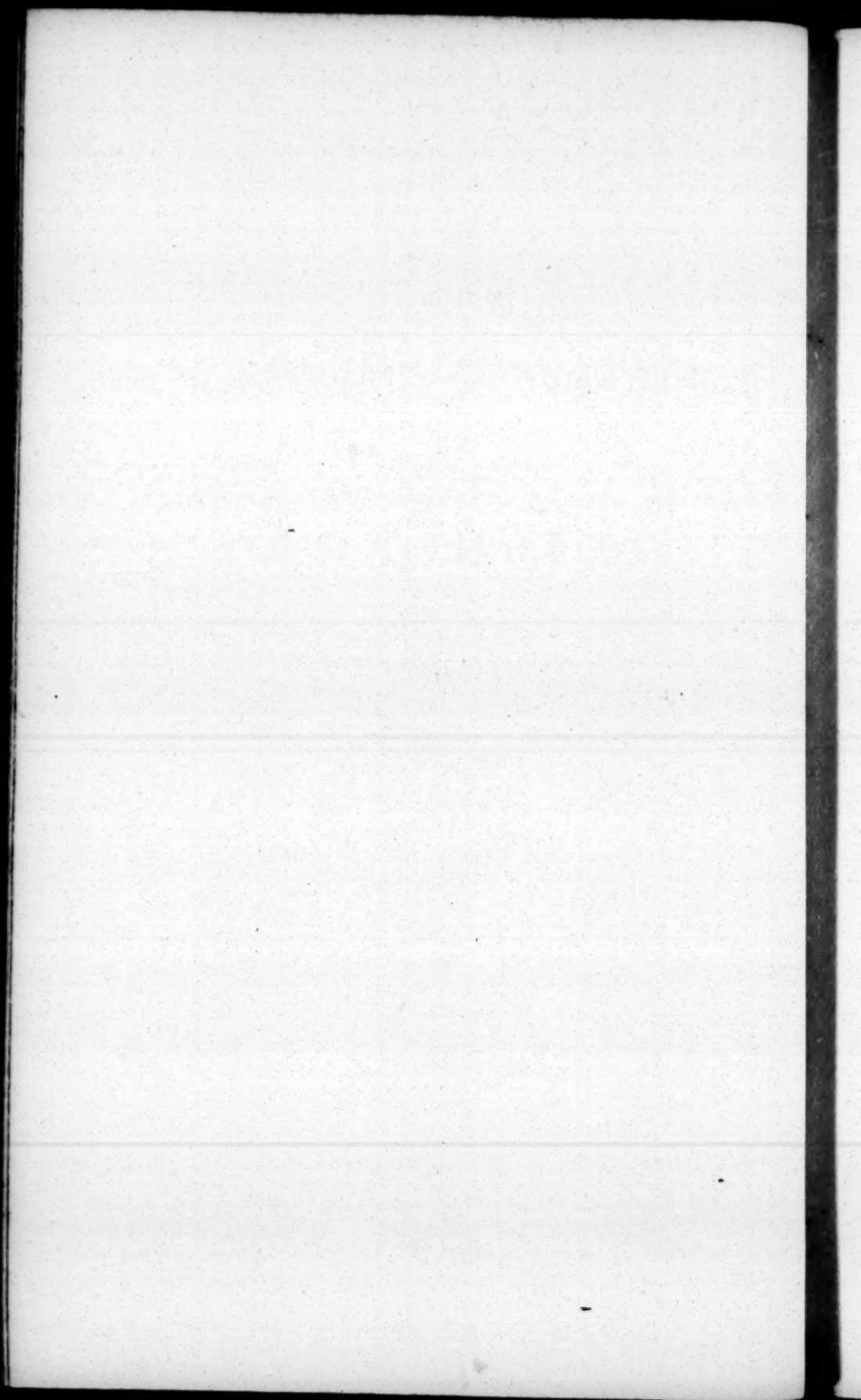
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THE
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OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
ROCHESTER, ROSCOMMON,
AND
O T W A Y.

VOL. XV.

2



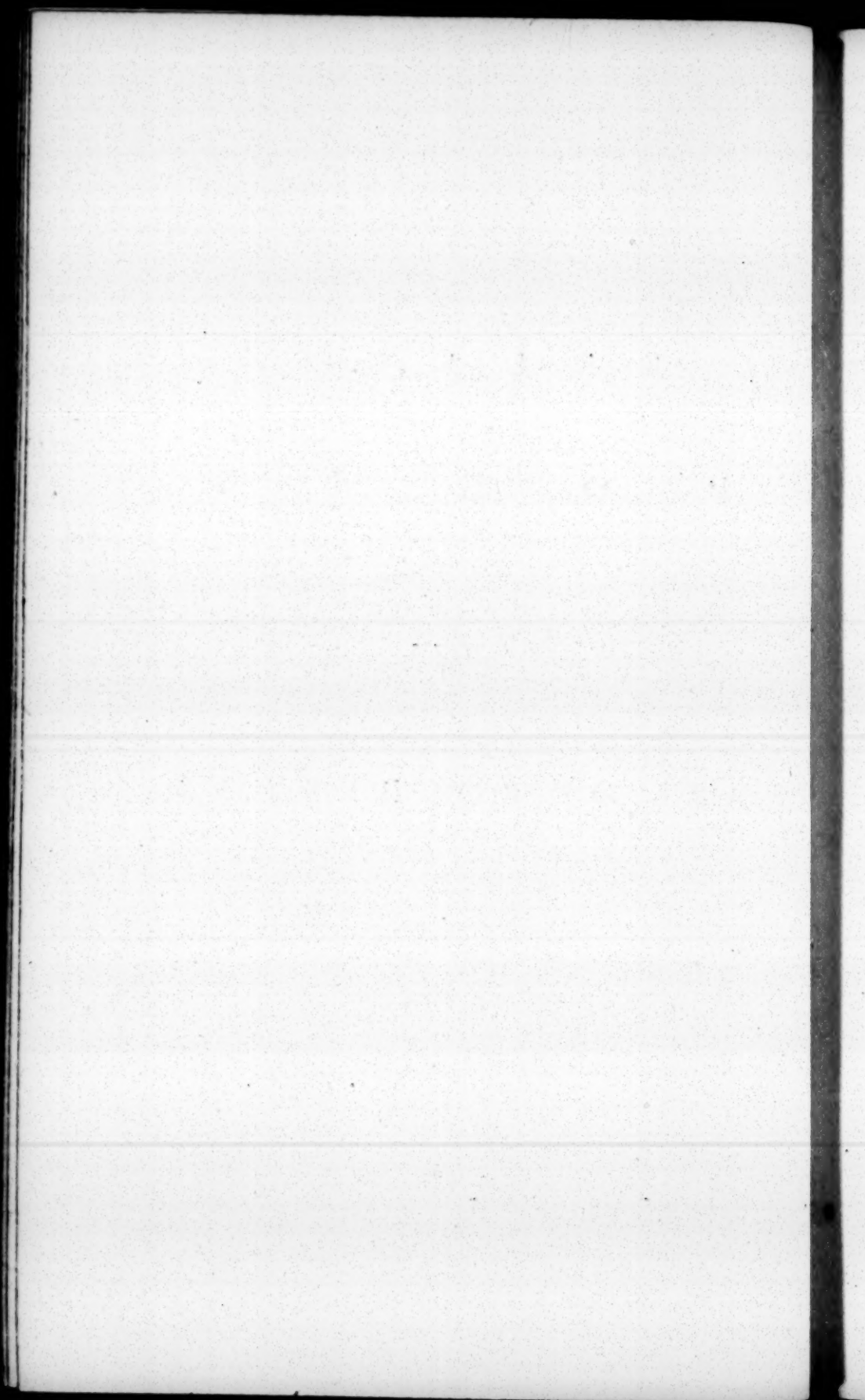
S E L E C T
P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

VOL. XV.

B



A D I A L O G U E.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er ;
 Since my heart is gone before,
 To what purpose should I stay ?
 Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
 When dissembling was your crime,
 In pity now employ that art,
 Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign :
 Men dissemble still with pain.
 What advantage will it prove,
 If I lye, who cannot love ?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why
 Love from hearts in love does fly ?
 Why the bird will build a nest,
 Where ~~he~~ ne'er intends to rest ?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
 Cries for hearts, as they for toys :

Which when gain'd, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees :
Bafely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd.
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never :
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes severe extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh ;
Love, like us, must Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in storms of thunder speak ;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.
Flames begin our first address,
Like meeting thunder we embrace :
Then, you know, the showers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget ?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet !
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.

Say

Say at least what nymph it is,
 Robs my breast of so much bliss?
 If she 's fair, I shall be eas'd,
 'Through my ruin you 'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,
 Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
 Gentle, innocent, and free,
 Ever pleas'd with only me.
 Many charms my heart enthrall,
 But there 's one above them all:
 With aversion, she does fly
 Tedious, trading, constancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
 Do what love and you think fit:
 Change is fate, and not design,
 Say you would have still been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
 Change has greater charms than you.
 Be, by my example, wise;
 Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,
 'Twas my practice long ago:
 Whilst you vainly thought me true,
 I was false, in scorn of you.

By my tears, my heart's disguise,
 I thy love and thee despise.
 Womankind more joy discovers
 Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain
 So lost a swain as I;
 Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,
 Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
 Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown
 On that bewitching face,
 Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
 Lamenting, frightened, and undone,
 I fly from place to place.
 Fram'd by some cruel powers above,
 So nice she is, and fair;
 None from undoing can remove
 Since all, who are not blind, must love;
 Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peevish to mankind,
For their own honour's sake, with care
Make a sweet form divinely fair :
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she 's insensible of love,
By honour taught to hate ;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Must sensible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate !
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd ;
For, since to serve we 're not asham'd,
Why should she blush to reign ?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise
My humble proffer'd one,
The just compassion she denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes ;
Hers are not fair alone.

8 ROCHESTER'S POEMS.

• Devouring flames require new food ;
 My heart 's consum'd almost :
 New fires must kindle in her blood,
 Or mine go out, and that 's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost ?
 Be dead before thy passion dies ;
 For if thou should'st survive,
 What anguish would thy heart surprize,
 To see her flames begin to rise,
 And thine no more alive ?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet
 In my triumphant scorn,
 To see my tyrant at my feet ;
 While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit
 A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd ! cease, for shame,
 Which way can you pretend
 To merit so divine a flame,
 Who to dull life make a mean claim,
 When love is at an end ?
 As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
 Love to my soul doth cling ;
 When torn by the herd's greedy taste,
 The injur'd plants feel they 're defac'd,
 They wither in the spring.

My

My rifled love would soon retire,
Dissolving into air,
Should I that nymph cease to admire,
Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,
Or at her feet despair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things submit themselves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not love withstand :
The power it borrows from your eyes alone ;
All but the god must yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, such are the charms you have,
He 'd quit his godhead to become your slave :
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himself for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
In different bands subjected slaves and kings :
Fetter'd in forms of royal state are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, resistless does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he shall reign.
By harmony the universe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love ?
Who would resist an empire so divine,
Which universal nature does enjoin ?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged banks on either side ;
While in their crystal streams at once they show,
And with them feed the flowers which they bestow :
Though

Though rudely thron'd by a too near embrace,
 In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
 To the lov'd sea; for streams have their desires;
 Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
 And with such passion, that if any force,
 Stop or molest them in their amorous course,
 They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
 The banks they kiss'd, and flowers they fed before.
 Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
 For rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.
 Beauty's no more but the dead soil, which Love
 Manures, and does by wise commerce improve:
 Sailing by sighs, through seas of tears, he sends
 Courtships from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
 Cherish the trade, for as with Indians we
 Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
 So to each other, for their useless toys,
 Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
 But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and starve,
 Your gewgaw reputation still preserve:
 Live upon modesty and empty fame,
 Foregoing sense for a fantastic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own :
But bright ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell :
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The sacred quiet of those hallow'd shades ;
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter sky.
How can my passion merit your offence,
That challenges so little recompence ?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.
A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitless sighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride.
Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves ;
But own the fates of your neglected slaves :

When

When in the crowd yours undistinguish'd lies
 You give away the triumph of your eyes.
 Perhaps (obtaining this) you 'll think I find
 More mercy, than your anger has design'd :
 But Love has carefully design'd for me,
 The last perfection of misery,
 For to my state the hopes of common peace,
 Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease,
 My worst of fates attend me in my grave,
 Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

W O M A N ' S H O N O U R .

A S O N G .

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd ;
 Phillis continued still unkind :
 Then you may e'en despair, he said,
 In vain I strive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
 In my own right I 'd take your part,
 And shew myself a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
 In breasts, where he alone has place :
 But if true generous Love appears,
 The hector dares not shew his face.

IV. Let

IV.

Let me still languish and complain,
 Be most inhumanly deny'd :
 I have some pleasure in my pain,
 She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
 She lives a wretch for Honour's sake.
 Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
 The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Consider Real Honour then,
 You'll find hers cannot be the same ;
 'Tis noble confidence in men,
 In women mean mistrustful shame.

G R E C I A N K I N D N E S S.

A S O N G.

I.

THE utmost grace the Greeks could shew,
 When to the Trojans they grew kind,
 Was with their arms to let them go,
 And leave their lingering wives behind.
 They beat the men, and burnt the town ;
 Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
 Kiss'd the soft wanton god of love ;

This

This clapp'd his wings, that press'd his vine;
 And their best powers united move,
 While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
 Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A S O N G.

I.

AN age, in her embraces past,
 Would seem a winter's day;
 Where life and light, with envious haste,
 Are torn and snatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll,
 When absent from her eyes;
 That fed my love, which is my soul,
 It languishes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a soul but shade,
 It mournfully does move;
 And haunts my breast, by absence made
 The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiser men despise me not;
 Whose love-sick fancy raves,
 On shades of souls, and heaven knows what:
 Short ages live in graves.

V. Whene'er

V.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe:
Taking false pleasure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest at last.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languish still;
 Then ask me not, When I return?
 The straying fool 't will plainly kill,
 To wish all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
 That my fantastic mind may prove
 The torments it deserves to try,
 That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe
 To thy safe bosom I retire,
 Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow,
 May I contented there expire!

IV.

Left, once more wandering from that heaven,
 I fall on some base heart unblest;
 Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
 And lose my everlasting rest.

A S O N G.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I advise,
 Make up for time mis-spent,
 When beauty on its death-bed lies,
 'Tis high time to repent.

II. Such

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose stars contrive, in spite,
The morning of her love should be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You 'll peevishly be coy,
Die with the scandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

T O C O R I N N A.

A S O N G.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown;
When not one charm her face forsakes.
Love cannot lose his own.

II.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas! the silly art
Virtue had ill design'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant ! who in vain
 Would proudly take upon her,
 Against kind Nature to maintain
 Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
 When I plead passion to her,
 That much she fears (but more she loves)
 Her vassal should undo her.

L O V E A N D L I F E.

A S O N G.

I.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone :
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not ;
 How can it then be mine ?
 The present moment 's all my lot ;
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

III. Then

III.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A S O N G.

I.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin:
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

A S O N G.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire;
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty 's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend;
Then what room for despair, since delight is Love's end?

IV.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I 'll gaze, and of pleasure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

VI. Too

VI.

Too bright is my goddess, her temple too weak :
Retire, divine image ! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love ; I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her arms.

U P O N

HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone :
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine :
You, whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of a whole nation ?

II.

Let meaner spirits of your sex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex :
And boast, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,
With universal influence.

U P O N

DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek ;
 With war I 've nought to do ;
 I 'm none of those that took Mæstrick,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars, or constellations :
 For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
 Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine ;
 Then add two lovely boys ;
 Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
 The type of future joys.

VI. Cupid

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my fairs are.
 May drink and love still reign !
 With wine I wash away my cares,
 And then to Love again.

A S O N G.

I.

AS Chloris full of harmless thoughts
 Beneath a willow lay,
 Kind Love a youthful shepherd brought,
 To pass the time away.

II.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the amorous swain ;
 But, as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.

III.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
 In spite of her disdain ;
 She found a pulse in every part,
 And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth ! (said she) what charms are these,
 That conquer and surprize ?
 Ah ! let me—for, unless you please,
 I have no power to rise.

V.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lye.

VI.

Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a swain.

A S O N G.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's fervile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than scorn, and cold disdain:
I, to cherish your desire,
Kindness us'd, but 't was in vain.

II.

You insisted on your slave,
Humble love you soon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which ingloriously you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er
By my love my empire lose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd you would abuse.

IV.

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V. You

V.

You that could my heart subdue,
 To new conquests ne'er pretend :
 Let th' example make me true,
 And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I should complain
 Of your empire, or my chain,
 Summon all the powerful charms,
 And kill the rebel in your arms.

C O N S T A N C Y.

A S O N G.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn ;
 Since that poor swain that fights for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
 A surer way I 'll try ;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The fights that now unpity'd rise,
 The tears that vainly fall :

That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain ;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A S O N G.

I.

MY dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses :
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A S O N G,

A S O N G,

In Imitation of Sir JOHN EATON.

I.

TOO late, alas! I must confess,
 You need not arts to move me;
 Such charms by nature you possess,
 'Twere madness not to love ye.

II.

Then spare a heart you may surprize,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a tender story.

A L E T T E R

FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN,
 TO CLOE IN THE COUNTRY.

CLOE, by your command in verse I write;
 Shortly you 'll bid me ride astride and fight:
 Such talents better with our sex agree,
 Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
 Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
 (At least they pass'd for such before they writ)
 How many bold adventurers for the bays,
 Proudly designing large returns of praise;

Who durst that stormy pathless world explore,
 Where soon dash'd back, and wreck'd on the dull shore,
 Broke of that little stock they had before! }

How would a woman's tottering barque be tost,
 Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost!
 When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
 And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear Artemisa! poetry's a snare;
 Bedlam has many mansions, have a care;
 Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
 You think yourself inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
 Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,
 To make yourself the fiddle of the town.
 To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need:
 Curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed.

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
 No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
 That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
 Than Poetess— }

Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
 Because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do:
 Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
 Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.

Y' expect to hear, at least, what love has past
 In this lewd town, since you and I saw last;
 What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
 The old ones last, and who and who's together.
 But how, my dearest Cloe, should I set
 My pen to write what I would fain forget!

Or

Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
 Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
 The softest refuge innocence can find;
 The safe director of unguided youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
 That cordial-drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
 On which one only blessing God might raise,
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise:
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a God, and bless'd his power, in love:
 This only joy, for which poor we are made,
 Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
 The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
 As many little cheats and tricks as that;
 But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own sex;
 Our silly sex, who born, like monarchs, free,
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner liberty,
 And hate restraint, though but from infamy:
 That call whatever is not common nice,
 And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
 Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the vice.
 To an exact perfection they have brought
 The action Love, the passion is forgot.
 'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
 And ev'n without approving they desire:
 Their private wish obeys the public voice,
 'Twixt good and bad whimsy decides, not choice:

Fashions

Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Rovv's a beauty, if some few agree
To call him so, the rest to that degree
Affected are, that with their ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other night,
Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own skill,
At his request, though much against his will,
To come to London——

As the coach stopt, I heard her voice, more loud
Than a great-belly'd woman's in a croud ;
Telling the knight, that her affairs require
He, for some hours, obsequiously retire.

I think she was ashamed he should be seen :
Hard fate of husbands ! the gallant had been,
Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.
Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend,

Your beastly visit to your drunken friend,
A bottle ever makes you look so fine ;
Methinks I long to smell you stink of wine.
Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill ;
Your ale corrected with a lemon-peel.

Pr'ythee, farewell ; we'll meet again anon :
The necessary thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
That fifty antic postures will allow ;
And then bursts out—Dear madam, am not I
The strangest, alter'd, creature : let me die,

I find

I find myself ridiculously grown,
 Embarrass'd with my being out of town :
 Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
 My country nakedness is plainly seen.
 How is Love govern'd ? Love that rules the state ;
 And pray who are the men most worn of late ?
 When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
 The men of wit were then held incommode :
 Slow of belief, and fickle in desire,
 Who, ere they 'll be persuaded, must enquire,
 As if they came to spy, and not t' admire :
 With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,
 They still find out why what may should not please ;
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
 Make them think better of us than we are ;
 And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
 Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites ;
 They little guess, who at our arts are griev'd,
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd ;
 Inquisitive as jealous cuckolds grow ;
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What, being known, creates their certain woe.
 Women should these, of all mankind, avoid,
 For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
 Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
 Bold in the dusk, before a fool's dull sight
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring light.
 But the kind easy fool, apt to admire
 Himself, trusts us ; his follies all conspire
 To flatter his, and favour our desire :

Vain of his proper merit, he with ease
 Believes we love him best, who best can please;
 On him our grofs, dull, common flatteries pass,
 Ever most happy when most made an ass;
 Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
 Perceive us false, the fop himself is blind;
 Who, doating on himself——
 Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.

These are true womens men—Here, forc'd to cease
 Through want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
 She to the window runs, where she had spy'd
 Her much-esteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
 With forty smiles, as many antic bows,
 As if 't had been the lady of the house,
 The dirty chattering monster she embrac'd,
 And made it this fine tender speech at last:

Kiss me, thou curious miniature of man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
 For half an hour, in compliments she ran:
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent:
 One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
 Should be an ass through choice, not want of wit;
 Whose foppery, without the help of sense,
 Could ne'er have rose to such an excellence:
 Nature 's as lame in making a true fop.

As a philosopher; the very top

VOL. XV.

D

And

And dignity of folly we attain
By studious search and labour of the brain;
By observation, counsel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to industry and arts:
An eminent fool must be a fool of parts,
And such a one was she, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
Had a discerning wit; to her was known
Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever blest
A woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
Except discretion only, she possess'd.
But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, she cries, adieu;
And the discourse broke off does thus renew:

You smile to see me, who the world perchance
Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
The interest of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our sex too many proofs there are
Of such whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was so observ'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meanest common slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have subdued
Some sop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an Irish lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.

A woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can
Be still reveng'd on her undoer, man :
How lost foe'er, she'll find some lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than she a whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the several ways of being undone :
Cozen'd at first by love, and living then
By turning the too-dear-bought cheat on men :
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When first the town her early beauties knew ;
Court'd, admir'd, and lov'd, with presents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleasure in her bed ;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit ;
Who found 't was dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jest, and went away.
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,
She's a *memento mari* to the rest :
Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown ;
Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
In some dark hole must all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
That for one month she tawdry may appear.
In Easter-term she gets her a new gown ;
When my young master's worship comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother just set free,
The heir and hopes of a great family ;
Who with strong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever since the Conquest have been fools ;

And now, with careful prospect to maintain
 This character, lest crossing of the strain
 Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
 A cousin of his own to be his bride :

And thus fet out——

With an estate, no wit, and a young wife,
 The solid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
 Dunghill and pease forsook, he comes town,
 Turns spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone ;
 Nothing suits worse with vice than want of sense,
 Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
 This o'er-grown school-boy lost Corinna wins ;
 At the first dash to make an ass begins :
 Pretends to like a man that has not known
 The vanities or vices of the town ;
 Fresh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
 Eager of joys which he does seldom prove ;
 Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure
 But what the fair-one he adores can cure ;
 Grateful for favours, does the sex esteem,
 And libels none for being kind to him ;
 Then of the lewdness of the town complains,
 Rails at the wits and atheists, and maintains
 'Tis better than good sense, than power or wealth,
 To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
 The unbred puppy, who had never seen
 A creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
 Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt ;
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient seat,

To buy his mistress a new house for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poison him, and all 's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her bastard heir to his estate;
And, as the race of such an owl deserves,
His own dull lawful progeny he starves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each insect to some end ordain)
Wisely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.

But now 'tis time I should some pity show
To Cloe, since I cannot choose but know,
Readers must reap what dullest writers sow.

By the next post I will such stories tell,
As, join'd to these, shall to a volume swell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and so am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

From Lord ROCHESTER to Lord MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound
In faucy censurers, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
But (howsoe'er envy their spleen may raise,
To rob my brows of the deserved bays)
Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I'll say in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well-worded sense,
I'll be content t' have writ the "British Prince."
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.
Which way soe'er desire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter though the censuring critics fret.

These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,
With equal spleen, against my course of life;
The least delight of which I 'll not forego,
For all the flattering praise man can bestow.
If I design'd to please, the way were then
To mend my manners, rather than my pen:
The first 's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second I despair of it,
Since grace is not so hard to get as wit:
Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,
In mere good breeding, like unfavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think,
Men might no more write scurvily than stink.
I 'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime
Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,
It could have been produc'd by none but me.
And that 's my end; for man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e'er writ before;
Yet why am I no poet of the times?
I have allusions, similes, and rhymes,
And wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, should have none.
Unequally the partial hand of heaven
Has all but this one only blessing given.
The world appears like a great family,
Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,

D +

(That

(That to a few great bounty he may show)
Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain :
Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
Of which so just a share to each is sent,
That the most avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due division 's such)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet most men shew, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.
Born to myself, I like myself alone,
And must conclude my judgment good, or none :
For could my sense be naught, how should I know
Whether another man's were good or no ?
Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the best ; and there 's a fame for me.
If then I 'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance ?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby !
Why then the world shall suffer for 't, not I.
Did e'er this saucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beastly will on me ?
Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
To every rule their musty customs spawn ?

But

But men may censure you ; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they censure, they 'll be in the wrong.
There 's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain-man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
Mean the familiar, the reserv'd-one mad.
Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
She 's a fly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the devil would give this—to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy ?
These things consider'd, make me (in despite
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS *.

In Imitation of a SATYR in BOILEAU.

SINCE the fons of the Muses grew numerous and
loud,
For th' appeasing so factious and clamorous a croud,
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
T' establish a government, leader, and laws.
The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
Had drawn them together, the Devil and all ;

* See " The Session of the Poets," in the State Poems,
vol. I. and " The Election of the Poet Laureat, 1719," in
Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's Works.

All

All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the blessing;
 No presbyter sermon had more crowding and pressing:
 In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
 That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But Apollo had heard a story in town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black gown;
 And so gave him leave now his poetry 's done,
 To let him turn priest since R—— is turn'd nun.
 This reverend author was no sooner set by,
 But Apollo had got gentle George * in his eye,
 And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ,
 There 's none had more fancy, sense, judgement, and
 wit:

But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long seven years silence was not to be pardon'd.
 ——W——y † was the next man shew'd his face,
 But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the place;
 No gentleman writer that office should bear,
 But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
 As none but a Cit—e'er makes a Lord-Mayor. }
 Next into the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
 And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
 That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
 Himself and his wife have supported the stage:
 Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
 T' oblige him, he told him, he should be huge glad, }
 Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.

* Sir George Etherege.

† Mr. Wycherley.

Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
 Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
 By the rubies in 's face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much wit as wine could supply;
 Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in
 throat;

Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for 't,
 He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
 Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
 He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn out,
 And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
 D—n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense:

And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue;
 Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
 Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a fool,
 And bid the great boy be sent back to school.

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
 And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
 Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all
 kill'd;

'Anababaluthu put in for a share,
 And little Tom Essence's author was there:

But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
 And prudently did not think fit to engage

The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age. }

In the numerous crowd that encompass'd him round,
 Little starch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he found,

His

His cravat-string new iron'd, he gently did stretch
 His lily-white hand out, the laurel to reach.
 Alledging that he had most right to the bays,
 For writing romances, and sh-ting of plays :
 Apollo rose up, and gravely confels'd,
 Of all men that writ, his talent was best ;
 For since pain and dishonour man's life only damn,
 The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
 Is to want sence of smart, and be past sence of
 shame ;
 And to perfect his blifs in poetical rapture,
 He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
 The poetess Afra next shew'd her sweet face,
 And swore by her poetry, and her black ace,
 The laurel by a double right was her own,
 For the plays she had writ, and the conquests she had
 won.

Apollo acknowledg'd 't was hard to deny her,
 Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
 He told her, were conquests and charms her pretence,
 She ought to have pleaded a dozen years since.
 Nor could D'Urfey forbear for the laurel to stickle,
 Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam Fickle.
 With other pretenders, whose names I 'd rehearse,
 But that they 're too long to stand in my verse :
 Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
 At last found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
 For, since poets without the kind players may hang,

By

By his one sacred light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a laureat, he 'd look out no more,
 A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
 To think that the bays to an actor should fall;
 Tom told them, to put his desert to the test,
 That he had MAID plays as well as the best,
 And was the great'st wonder the age ever bore,
 Of all the play-scribblers that e'er writ before,
 His wit had most worth, and modesty in 't,
 For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A S A T Y R

A G A I N S T M A N K I N D.

WERE I, who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
 A spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
 Or any thing, but that vain animal,
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The senses are too gross, and he 'll contrive
 A sixth, to contradict the other five;
 And, before certain instinct, will prefer
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
 Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
 Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind:

Pathless

Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
 Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
 Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
 Mountains of whimsies, heapt in his own brain:
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong
 down

Into Doubt's boundless sea, where like to drown
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with bladders of philosophy;
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
 The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,
 Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
 Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a search so painful and so long,
 That all his life he has been in the wrong.
 Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:
 Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
 And made him venture to be made a wretch:
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know the world he should enjoy:
 And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
 Of pleasing others at his own expence;
 For wits are treated just like common whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
 Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring fools.

Pleasure

Pleasure allures ; and when the fops escape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate ;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, some formal band and beard
Takes me to task : come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that 's writ,
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly ; but you 'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too severe ;
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part ;
For, I profess, I can be very smart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reason and mankind ?
Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlasting soul hath freely given ;
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
That from himself he did the image take,
And this fair frame in shining reason dress'd,
To dignify his nature above beast :
Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material sense,
Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the universe,
Search heaven and hell, find out what 's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold,

Hold, mighty man, I cry ; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reason I despise
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he 's the image of the Infinite ;
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the Ever-blest :
This busy puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges and schools,
Borne on whose wings, each heavy sot can pierce
The limits of the boundless universe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities :
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer ;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceases, thought 's impertinent.
Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey ;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence ;

That

That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, yours would destroy.
My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat;
Perversely yours, your appetite does mock;
This asks for food; that answers, what's a clock?

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.

Thus I think reason righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.

For all his pride, and his philosophy,

'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.

Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,
By surest means, the ends at which they aim.

If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,

Better than Meres supplies committee-chair;

Though one's a statesman, th' other but a hound,

Jowler in justice will be wiser found.

You see how far man's wisdom here extends:

Look next if human nature makes amends;

Whose principles are most generous and just;

And to whose morals you would sooner trust:

Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,

Which is the basest creature, man or beast:

Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey;

But savage man alone does man betray.

Preſt by neceſſity, they kill for food ;
 Man undoes man, to do himſelf no good :
 With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's allowance, to ſupply their want.
 But man, with ſmiles, embraces, friendships, praiſe,
 Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays ;
 With voluntary pains works his diſtreſs ;
 Not through neceſſity, but wantonneſs.
 For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
 Whiſt wretched man is ſtill in arms for fear :
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
 From fear to fear ſucceſſively betray'd :
 Baſe fear, the ſource whence his baſe paſſions came,
 His boated honour, and his dear-bought fame :
 The luſt of power, to which he 's ſuch a ſlave,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave ;
 To which his various projects are deſign'd,
 Which makes him generous, affable, and kind ;
 For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
 And ſcrews his actions in a forc'd diſguiſe ;
 Leads a moſt tedious life, in miſery,
 Under laborious, mean hypocrify.
 Look to the bottom of his vaſt deſign.
 Wherein man's wiſdom, power, and glory join ;
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
 'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
 Merely for ſafety, after fame they thirſt ;
 For all men would be cowards if they durſt :
 And honeſty 's againſt all common ſenſe ;
 Men muſt be knaves ; 'tis in their own defence,

Mankind

Mankind 's dishonest ; if you think it fair,
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
 You 'll be undone——
 Nor can weak truth your reputation save ;
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
 The difference lies, as far as I can see,
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree ;
 And all the subject-matter of debate,
 Is only who 's a knave of the first rate.

P O S T S C R I P T.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
 At the pretending part of the proud world,
 Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise
 False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lyes,
 Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.

}

But if in court so just a man there be,
 (In court a just man, yet unknown to me)
 Who does his needful flattery direct,
 Not to oppress and ruin, but protect ;
 Since flattery, which way soever laid,
 Is still a tax on that unhappy trade ;
 If so upright a statesman you can find,
 Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind ;

Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raise his country, not his family.

Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up with vain aspiring pride,
Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride:
Whose envious heart with faucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense:
Who in his talking vents more peevish lyes,
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,
Than at a gossiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a score of years completed be,
Can from the lofty stage of honour see,
Half a large parish their own progeny.

Nor doating — who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board,
A greater fop, in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more,
Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.

But a meek humble man of modest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life 's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.

If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them ;
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS some brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage still,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill :

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wise and daring conduct of the fight :
And each bold action to his mind renews
His present glory and his past delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flashes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his foes,
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleasing billows of debauch,
On the dull shore of lazy temperance :

V.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain;
When fleets of glasses sail around the board,
From whose broadsides volleys of wit shall rain.

VI.

Nor shall the fight of honourable scars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed soldiers from the wars;
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should some brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
'Twould please the ghost of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or should some cold-complexion'd sot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's brisk alarms;
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortrefs won;
Windows demolish'd, watches overcome,
And handsome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline;
I'll make him long some ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by wine.

XI. Thus

XI.

Thus statesman-like I 'll saucily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise;
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

U P O N N O T H I N G.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
 Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
 And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,
 And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
 And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
 Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
 Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
 And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

XI.

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
 And, true or false, the subject of debate,
 That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
 Within thy bosom most securely rest,
 And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

XIII. But

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

XIV.

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmens' brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee
look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANS.

T R A N S L A T I O N

O F

SOME LINES IN LUCRETIIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, must possess
 An everlasting age of perfect peace ;
 Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
 Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares ;
 Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add ;
 Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

The latter End of the CHORUS of the Second
 Act of SENECA's TROAS, Translated.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
 The utmost limits of a gasp of breath.
 Let the ambitious zealot lay aside
 His hope of heaven (whose faith is but his pride) ;
 Let slavish souls lay by their fear,
 Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
 After this life they shall be hurl'd :
 Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
 And to that mass of matter shall be swept
 Where things destroy'd with things unborn are kept ;
 Devouring Time swallows us whole,
 Impartial Death confounds body and soul.

For

For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim grisly dog that keeps the door,
Are senseless stories, idles tales,
Dreams, whimsies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

ON HIS

RESTORATION IN THE YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine! who dost engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage:
Which in extatic duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home;
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is
Itself the nation, not metropolis,
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men;
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In steel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold respect were treason to
A father's ashes, greater than to you;
Whose one ambition 't is for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's son.

Wadh. Coll.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO HER

SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,

ON THE

DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

RESPITE, great queen, your just and hasty fears:
There's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.
Oh! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n banishment:
Whom traiterous mischief sought its earliest prey,
When to most sacred blood it made its way;
And did thereby its black design impart,
To take his head, that wounded first his heart:
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,
When three great nations sunk beneath the load;
Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and steady eyes
Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies:
And then sustain'd the royal Princess' fall;
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our sad complaints lost in the empty wind;

Those

Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar
 Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore;
 Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly
 Of sharing in this scene of tragedy:
 While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
 Relents, and only now contrives your stay;
 The lately fatal and infectious ill
 Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill:
 In vain on fevers curses we dispense,
 And vent our passion's angry eloquence:
 In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,
 And the forlorn physicians imprecate;
 Say they to death new poisons add and fire,
 Murder securely for reward and hire;
 Arts basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,
 And truly write bills of mortality,
 Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,
 First drain those vital speaking streams away.
 And will you, by your flight, take part with these?
 Become yourself a third and new disease?
 If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
 Who take yourself and the fair princess too:
 For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have
 When France doth ravish hence, as when the grave:
 But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
 And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

A N E P I L O G U E.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
 " That 't is still better to be pleas'd than not ;" }
 And therefore never their own torment plot.
 While the malicious Critics still agree
 To loath each play they come and pay to see.
 The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
 To find a fault, than taste an excellence :
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
 Are dully vain of being hard to please.
 Poets and women have an equal right
 To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight, }
 Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spight.
 'Twas impotence did first this vice begin ;
 Fools censure wit, as old men rail at sin :
 Who envy pleasure which they cannot taste,
 And, good for nothing, would be wise at last.
 Since therefore to the women it appears, }
 That all the enemies of wit are theirs,
 Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
 Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
 To stand or fall with beauty on his side.

A N A L L U S I O N

T O T H E

Tenth Satire of the First Book of HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 't is granted ; I said Dryden's rhymes
Were stolen, unequal, nay dull many times :

What foolish patron is there found of his,

So blindly partial to deny me this ?

But that his plays, embroider'd up and down

With wit and learning, justly pleas'd the town,

In the same paper I as freely own.

Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass

That stuffs up his loose volumes, must not pass ;

For by that rule I might as well admit

Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.

'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,

Hits the false judgment of an audience

Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,

Till the throng'd playhouse crack'd with the dull load ;

Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,

That can divert the rabble and the court,

Which blundering Settle never could obtain,

And puzzling Otway labours at in vain :

But within due proportion circumscribe

Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide

The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear.

With useless words t' oppress the weary'd ear.

Here

Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.

For elegance sake, sometimes allay the force
Of epithets, 'twill soften the discourse:

A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remotest satire's sting.

Shakespeare and Jonson did in this excel,

And might herein be imitated well,

Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,

But is himself a sheer original.

Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,

Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,

And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins.

When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,

And Hannibal a whining amorous slave,

I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool

In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.

Of all our modern wits, none seem to me

Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,

But hasty Shadwell, and slow Wycherley.

Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart

Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;

With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,

Showing great mastery with little care,

Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,

To make the fools and women praise them more.

But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,

He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains:

He frequently excels, and, at the least,

Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.

Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
 In panegyric does excel mankind.
 He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
 To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.
 For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
 The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.
 For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
 That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
 And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;
 Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
 That can with a resistless power impart
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
 Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
 Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
 For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
 To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,
 And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
 But, to be just, 't will to his praise be found,
 His excellencies more than faults abound:
 Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
 The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?
 Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
 Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's style
 Stiff and affected? To his own the while

Allowing all the justice that his pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have leave impartially
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
 If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
 Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
 Spirit and grace to his loose flattern Muse?
 Five hundred verses every morning writ,
 Prove him no more a poet than a wit:
 Such scribbling authors have been seen before;
 Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
 To write what may securely stand the test
 Of being well read over thrice at least;
 Compare each phrase, examine every line,
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
 Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
 And be content to please those few who know.
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
 To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
 With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
 Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
 Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
 From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.
 I've no ambition on that idle score,
 But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
 When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's * whore;

* The same probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst
 (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780, p. 218.

I please one man of wit, am proud on 't too,
 Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
 Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,
 Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
 Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
 For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?
 I loath the rabble; 't is enough for me
 If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
 Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,
 Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

Sir CAR SCROPE, who thought himself reflected on
 at the latter end of the preceding Poem, published
 a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occasioned
 the following Reply.

To Sir CAR SCROPE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
 In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.
 When in thy person we more clearly see
 That satire's of divine authority,
 For God made one on man when he made thee;
 To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
 Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes:

In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
 That make an afs prodigious and refin'd.
 A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
 Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn;
 And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
 Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
 Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
 To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
 And all those awkward follies that express
 Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
 Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
 Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
 Where dreadfully Love's scare-crow thou art plac'd,
 To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
 While every coming maid, when you appear,
 Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste for fear;
 For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
 'T were labour lost, or else I would advise;
 But thy half-wit will ne'er let thee be wise.
 Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
 Half honest (which is very much a knave)
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
 For any thing entirely, but an Afs.

E P I L O G U E.

AS charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;

For songs and scenes a double audience bring,

And doggrel takes, which smiths in satin sing.

Now to machines and a dull mask you run;

We find that wit 's the monster you would shun,

And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.

For since with vice and folly wit is fed,

Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.

Players turn puppets now at your desire,

In their mouth 's nonsense, in their tail 's a wire,

They fly through crowds of clouts and showers of fire.

A kind of losing Loadum is their game,

Where the worst writer has the greatest fame.

To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;

But of such awkward actors we despair.

False taught at first——

Like bowls ill-bias'd, still the more they run,

They 're further off than when they first begun.

In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,

There 's one is such a dear familiar spark,

He yawns as if he were but half awake,

And fribbling for free-speaking does mistake;

False accent and neglectful action too:

They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,

That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
 By near resembling man, do man disgrace.
 Thorough-pae'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
 Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
 Yet these are they, who durst expose the age
 Of the great * wonder of the English stage;
 Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
 And bid him speak, as she bid Shakespeare write.
 Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,
 Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.
 Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
 Could they——

Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,
 They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,
 As monsters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
 Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;
 But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
 Th' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;
 These draw you on with an old painted whore,
 And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maidstwice o'er. }
 Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,
 Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.
 They cry, Pox o' these Covent-Garden men,
 Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
 Were they once gone, we for those thundering blades
 Should have an audience of substantial trades,
 Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
 My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.

* Major Mohun.

O how

O how the merry citizen 's in love

With——

Pfyché, the goddess of each field and grove.

He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;

But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd stuff!

So to their house the graver fops repair,

While men of wit find one another here.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE

COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

By the Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:

And poets share the fate by which we fall,

When kindly we attempt to please you all.

'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,

Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.

You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,

Should we laugh at you when you do your best.

Then rail not here, though you see reason for 't;

If wit can find itself no better sport,

Wit is a very foolish thing at court.

Wit's business is to please, and not to fright;
 'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
 You 'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.
 Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,
 To spy out faults in what we women say.
 For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
 How kindly can we say—I hate you now!
 And for the men, if you 'll laugh at them, do;
 They mind themselves so much, they 'll ne'er mind you,
 But why do I descend to lose a prayer
 On those small faults in wit? the god sits there!

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my message hither tends,
 From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
 See my credentials written in my face,
 They challenge your protection in this place;
 And hither come with such a force of charms,
 As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.
 Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
 Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
 All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
 Of those bold gazers who this night must die.
 Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,
 From which old age alone must set you free.
 Then tremble at the fatal consequence,
 Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great Prince,
 'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.
 Be generous and wise, and take our part;
 Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;

Else you may find, too late, that we are things
 Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.
 But oh to what vain conquest I pretend!
 While Love is our commander, and your friend.
 Our victory your empire more assures,
 For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

ELEGY ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BY MRS. WHARTON*.

D E E P waters silent roll; so grief like mine
 Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
 Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of grief,
 Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
 They from their heads shew the light trouble there,
 Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould declare:
 When drops of blood, my heart, thou'lt lost; thy pride,
 The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide!
 He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
 And 'twas thy fault whene'er thou went'st astray:

* See in vol. XVI. Mr. Waller's verses on the Elegy here printed; and verses also on Mrs. Wharton's "Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer." Waller's two cantos of Divine Poesy were "occasioned upon sight of the 53d chapter of Isaiah, turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton." Her "Verses to Mr. Waller" are mentioned by Ballard; and her translation of "Penelope to Ulysses" is printed in Tonson's edition of Ovid's Epistles. For further particulars of this lady, see "Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780," vol. I. p. 51. vol. II. p. 319.

And

And since thou stray'd'st when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely lost now left alone.

It is thy Elegy I write, not his :

He lives immortal and in highest bliss,

But thou art dead, alas! my heart, thou 'rt dead :

He lives, that lovely soul for ever fled,

But thou 'mongst crowds on earth art buried.

Great was thy loss, which thou canst ne'er express,

Nor was th' insensible dull nation's less ;

He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,

Made fools grow wise ; such artful magic hung

Upon his useful kind instructing tongue.

His lively wit was of himself a part,

Not, as in other men, the work of art ;

For, though his learning like his wit was great,

Yet sure all learning came below his wit ;

As God's immediate gifts are better far

Than those we borrow from our likeness here,

He was—but I want words, and ne'er can tell,

Yet this I know, he did mankind excell.

He was what no man ever was before,

Nor can indulgent nature give us more,

For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

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P O E M S

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

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A N E S S A Y

O N

T R A N S L A T E D V E R S E.

HAPPY that author, whose correct * essay
 Repairs so well our old Horatian way :
 And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
 On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
 And with strict discipline instructed right,
 Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
 But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
 Conspire to censure and expose our age :
 Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
 To the few virtues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
 To search the treasures of the Roman store ;
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore ?
 The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
 With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And Nature seconds all his soft desires :
 Theocritus does now to us belong ;
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

* John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire.

Who

Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' hearse,
 Who does not weep that reads the moving verse!
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
 Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils.
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
 The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,
 Her excellent translators made her own:
 And Europe still considerably gains,
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our generous emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
 And in translated verse do more than they;
 Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
 Scarce know my master as he there appears.
 Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
 The fault is more their language's than theirs:

'Tis

'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
 But who did ever in French authors see
 The comprehensive English energy?
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.
 I speak my private, but impartial sense,
 With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;
 For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit,
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
 But good translation is no easy art.
 For though materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before,
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
 For none have been with admiration read,
 But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
 Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
 No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
 Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
 Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
 Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
 That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,

With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
 Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
 And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
 Exploded, when with universal scorn,
 The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
 Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!

'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
 Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.
 Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
 Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
 Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling passion of your mind;
 Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
 And choose an author as you choose a friend,
 United by this sympathetic bond,

You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
 Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
 No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
 How nice the reputation of the maid!
 Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
 Let not austerity breed servile fear,
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.

Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate sop would rake the Park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found:

Take then a subject proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign,
That calls the staring fots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?

Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
 Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
 But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
 And Horace looks with indignation down;
 My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
 And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
 And with attractive majesty surprise,
 Not by affected meretricious arts,
 But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
 Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
 With vital heat to animate the mass:
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came;
 But few, oh few souls, præordain'd by fate,
 The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
 No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
 By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
 The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
 Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,
 Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men, who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast:
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
 How many ages since has Virgil writ!
 How few are they who understand him yet!

Approach

Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there :
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
 Than poets should before their Mantuan God.
 Hail mighty Maro ! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame ;
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse,
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse !

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
 Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar ;
 Search every comment that your care can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind ;
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng ;
 The multitude is always in the wrong.
 When things appear unnatural or hard,
 Consult your author, with himself compar'd ;
 Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
 And future ages to your labour owe ?
 Such secrets are not easily found out,
 But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
 Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
 And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one ; truth is divinely bright,
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light ;
 While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
 You may confound, but never can translate.
 Your style will this through all disguises show,
 For none explain more clearly than they know.

He only proves he understands a text,
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
 They who too faithfully on names insist,
 Rather create than dissipate the mist;
 And grow unjust by being over-nice,
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
 Let Crassus's * ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
 That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in another be excus'd.
 And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
 The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
 Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
 And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
 Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
 With painful care, but seeming easiness;
 For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.
 Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
 As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
 Your author always will the best advise,
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
 Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
 That to contempt can empty scriblers bring.

* Hor. 3 Od. vi.

Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
 On even syllables (and still the last)
 Though gross innumerable faults abound,
 In spite of nonsense, never fail of found.
 But this is meant of even verse alone,
 As being most harmonious and most known :
 For if you will unequal numbers try,
 There accents on odd syllables must lie.
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
 But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering heart with every gale,
 You lose the fruit of all your former care,
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
 Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame :
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
 The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
 Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise ;
 And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
 With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
 But what a thoughtless animal is man !
 (How very active in his own trepan !)
 For, greedy of physicians frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees ;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
 From saving women falls to killing men.

Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in.
 His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
 His name struck every where as great a damp,
 As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
 But now repentance came too late for grace;
 And meagre Famine star'd him in the face:
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child.
 The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too;
 In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
 Worry'd with debts and past all hope of bail,
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
 And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.
 'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muse,
 The profit's small and you have much to lose;
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

No poet any passion can excite,
 But what they feel transport them when they write,
 Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
 And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
 I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
 And panting; Lo! the god, the god, she cries;
 With words not hers, and more than human sound
 She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through
 the ground.

But, though we must obey when heaven commands,
 And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
 Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
 For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
 As when the chearful hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.
 Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
 Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
 Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
 These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
 There, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.

Thus

'Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
 With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
 Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
 Which scorns to take it——

Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
 All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
 Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.

Not thus our heroes of the former days,
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part
 Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,

'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
 I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
 By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
 Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
 Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
 And the rude notions of pedantic schools
 Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
 Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
 Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
 The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the found.

When, by impulse from heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.

True poets are the guardians of a state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

Have

- * Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
- Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
- And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thrones
- Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,
- (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
- Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
- Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
- Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
- There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
- Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
- By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
- Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
- Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters,
- • woods)
- From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
- They bore like shields before them through the air,
- Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
- All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
- Threatning no less than universal wreck,
- For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
- And over-prest whole legions weak with sin:
- Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
- Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
- And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious Son
- Effulgence of paternal deity)
- Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
- Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
- And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'

* An essay on blank verse, out of Paradise Lost, B. VI.

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE,

BY DR. CHETWOOD, 1684.

AS when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise,
The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
A court unform'd, disorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
Till some wise statesman into method draws
The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
Founded the Muses' empire in our soil.
Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
But lost a noble Muse in Fairy-land.
Shakspeare said all that Nature could impart,
And Jonson added Industry and Art.
Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
And some, who merit as they wear the bays,
Search'd all the treasuries of Greece and Rome,
And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
But still our language had some ancient rust;
Our flights were often high, but seldom just.

There

There wanted one, who license could restrain,
 Make civil laws o'er barbarous usage reign :
 One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
 To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit ;
 In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,
 And force poetic rage to be discreet ;
 Who grows not nauseous while he strives to please,
 But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
 Who knows, and teaches what our clime can bear,
 And makes the barren ground obey the labourer's care.
 Few could conceive, none the great work could do,
 'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you.
 Those talents all are yours, of which but one
 Were a fair fortune for a Muse's son.
 Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
 A head well-balanc'd, and a generous heart.
 While insect rhymes cloud the polluted sky,
 Created to molest the world, and die.
 Your file does polish what your fancy cast ;
 Works are long forming which must always last.
 Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the mold,
 Touch'd by your chemic hand, is turn'd to gold,
 A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
 And inspiration through the labour shines,
 Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
 Betray the darling passion of their heart.
 No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
 Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.
 So Saints, from Heaven for our example sent,
 Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.

Horace,

Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
 Would give no laws, but only yours translate.
 Hoist sail, bold writers, search, discover far,
 You have a compass for a Polar-star.
 Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
 Soften the savage humour of the times.
 Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd
 When Fate itself for our great Monarch fear'd:
 Securely through the dangerous forest led
 By guards of Angels, when his own were fled.
 Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
 To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
 Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
 The second hope and genius of the throne.
 Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
 To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
 But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
 Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
 In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
 Great always, without aiming to be great.
 True Roman majesty adorns her face;
 And every gesture's form'd by every Grace.
 Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
 For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
 It is your part (you Poets can divine)
 To prophesy how she by Heaven's design
 Shall give an heir to the great British line,
 Who over all the Western isles shall reign,
 Both awe the continent, and rule the main.

}
 It

It is your place to wait upon her name
 Through the vast regions of eternal fame.
 True Poets souls to Princes are ally'd,
 And the world's Empire with its Kings divide.
 Heaven trusts the present time to Monarch's care,
 Eternity is the good Writer's share *.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON;

OCCASIONED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S ESSAY ON
 TRANSLATED VERSE.

FROM THE LATIN OF MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

THAT happy Britain boasts her tuneful race,
 And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples grace,
 The honour and the praise is justly due
 To you alone, illustrious Earl! to you.
 For soon as Horace, with his artful page,
 By thee explain'd, had taught the listening age;
 Of brightest Bards arose a skilful train,
 Who sweetly sung in their immortal strain.
 No more content great Maro's steps to trace,
 New paths we search, and tread unbeaten ways.
 Ye Britons, then, triumphantly rejoice;
 And with loud peals, and one consenting voice,
 Applaud the man who does unrival'd fit,
 "The sovereign-judge and arbiter of wit!"

* See Miscellany Poems, 1780, vol. III. p. 173.

For, led by thee, an endless train shall rise
Of Poets, who shall climb superior skies;
Heroes and Gods in worthy verse shall sing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty string.

Thy works too, sovereign Bard *! if right I see,
They shall translate with equal majesty;
While with new joy thy happy shade shall rove
Through the blest mazes of th' Elysian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy heroes and thy shepherds sung,
Shall break forth in these words: "Thy favour'd name,
Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame!
How shall my willing gratitude pursue
With praises large as to thy worth are due?
Though tasteless Bards, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes disguise my genuine thought;
Though Homer now the wars of godlike Kings
In Ovid's soft enervate numbers sings:
Tuneful Silenus, and the matchless verse
That does the birth of infant worlds rehearse,
Atones for all, by that my rescued fame
Shall vie in age with Nature's deathless frame;
By thee the learned song shall nobly live,
And praise from every British tongue receive.
Give to thy daring genius then the rein,
And freely launch into a bolder strain;
Nor with these words my happy spirit grieve:
The last good office of thy friend receive †."

* Virgil. H. N.

† "Cape dona extrema tuorum;" the motto to Lord Roscommon's Essay. H. N.

On the firm base of thy immortal lays,
 A nobler pile to thy lov'd Maro raise;
 My glory by thy skill shall brighter shine,
 With native charms and energy divine!
 Britain with just applause the work shall read,
 And crown with fadeless bays thy sacred head.
 Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need,
 To draw the hero on his prancing steed;
 Thy living verse shall paint th' imbattled host
 In bolder figures than his art can boast.
 While the low tribe of vulgar writers strive,
 By mean false arts to make their versions live;
 Forfake the text, and blend each sterling line
 With comments foreign to my true design;
 My latent sense thy happier thought explores,
 And injur'd Maro to himself restores."

A P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

CXLVIIIth P S A L M.

O Azure vaults! O crystal sky!
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the god of war,
 Who conquer wherefoe'er you are,
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who difpenfe,
By God's command, your influence;
Refign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireft, as well as firft, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty fprings;
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who ufeth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious fpheres,
Whofe facred ftamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whofe command is th' univerfal law :

Ye watery mountains of the fky,
And you fo far above our eye,
Vaft ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whofe contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful fong,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
 That in the seas vast bosoms sleep;
 At whose command the foaming billows roar,
 Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And you who through the concave blow,
 Swift executors of his holy word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
 Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
 Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
 All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him sweet offspring of the ground,
 With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
 And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
 That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
 Whose only care 's to love and sing,
 Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
 Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
 That on his stores do daily feast:
 And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
 Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
 Whose power hath here no periods,
 May all attempts against your crowns be vain!
 But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
 Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
 And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
 Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
 Praise him from whom your power derives;
 Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
 As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time;
 O praise him in your youthful prime;
 Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense;
 Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
 When heaven, and earth, and all is past:
 Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
 But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
 The God of gods, the God of grace;
 Who will above the stars your empire raise,
 And with his glory recompense your praise.

A P R O L O G U E,

S P O K E N T O

His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK,
At Edinburgh.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone;
Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake:
When wealthy neighbours strove with us for power,
Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

O happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his!
Express your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:

Let

Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
Proclaim that such a hero never springs
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

S O N G.

On a young Lady who sung finely, and was afraid
of a Cold.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempests swell the sea.

In vain let sinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, blest Genius of our isle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the listening Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
With extasy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passions it controls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold destroy,
All taste we have of heavenly joy!

H 4

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This Eclogue was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I First of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains,
When my 'Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring Muse:

A Shepherd.

A shepherd, Tityrus, his flocks should feed,
And choose a subject suited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars)
My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

Proceed my Muse.

Young Chromis and Mnafylus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest Nais of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.

The

The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay
(She shall be satisfy'd another way).

With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their listening branches bow'd,
And savage beasts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through universal night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born sun surpris'd the dazzled sight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown mountains
fed.

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
Rival'd the sun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could tell?)
Into whose arms the lovely Hylas fell;

Alcides

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphaë's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnatural heat.

Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains stray,
He on soft flowers his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, the cries, surround the grove;
Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
My happier rivals have entic'd him home.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks, express'd:
This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the Muses' gift, join thy harmonious song:
Charm'd

Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the ground,
 Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound.
 Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan grove
 Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
 For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
 And her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
 The wandering Greeks (ah frightened men!) alarm'd;
 Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
 While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
 And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
 Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
 Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
 While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
 Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy stream
 With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
 Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
 And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
 Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
 And call'd the counted sheep from every dale;
 The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
 And to prevailing shades the murmuring world resign'd.

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
 I view the world's tempestuous sea,
 And with wise pride despise
 All those senseless vanities :
 With pity mov'd for others, cast away
 On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
 On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost :
 Some the prevailing malice of the great,
 Unhappy men or adverse Fate,
 Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state. }
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
 And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
 It is by thee I truly live,
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give ;
 Dost each unruly appetite control :
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
 Presuming love does ne'er invade
 This private solitary shade :
 And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,

The

The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere :

Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain :
Nor is it for my solitude unfit,

For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one ;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings man can hope to know ;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind ;
Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-
ledge rise,

Which make us happy, as they make us wise :
Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass :
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

THE
 TWENTY-SECOND ODE
 OF THE
 FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
 The surest guard is innocence:
 None knew, till guilt created fear,
 What darts or poison'd arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
 Through Libyan sands and Scythian fnows,
 Or where Hydaspes' wealthy fide
 Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
 Careless in Sabine woods I stray'd,
 A grisly foaming wolf unfed,
 Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size
 In the Hercinian forest lies;
 None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
 With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
 That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
 Where angry Jove did never spare
 One breath of kind and temperate air.

Set me where on some pathless plain
 The swarthy Africans complain,

To

To see the chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles:
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless fire,
Our great * Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

IV. Set

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They 'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

Part of the FIFTH SCENE of the SECOND ACT in
GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest's eternal seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind heaven had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elysium should be mine:

VOL. XV.

I

Fond

Fond men, by passion wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those idols which their fancy made;
 Purchasing riches with our time and care,
 We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
 And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
 Opprest with blessings which we fear to use.
 Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
 Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
 In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
 If our abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless country-maid,
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
 Whose modest cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
 But like her soul preserves the native white;
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease,
 Who, free from storms, which on the great-ones fall,
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
 No care but love can discompose her breast,
 Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best:
 While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
 Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
 Not one on whom or Gods or men impose,
 But one whom love has for this lover chose,
 Under some favourite myrtle's shady boughs,
 They speak their passions in repeated vows,
 And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;

Thus

Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary fight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

T H E G H O S T
OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

To the New One, appointed to meet at OXFORD.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And of all others, the most tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king prescribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew seditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;

The

The robe was fummon'd, Maynard in the head,
 In legal murder none so deeply read ;
 I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood.
 Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
 With his accumulative hackney-tongue ;
 Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
 And to expect their arbitrary fates,
 Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
 To fright the people, and alarm the town,
 Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
 But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
 The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim :
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
 And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards :
 Anti-monarchic Heretics of state,
 Immoral Atheists, rich and reprobate :
 But above all I got a little guide,
 Who every ford of villainy had try'd :
 None knew so well the old pernicious way,
 To ruin subjects, and make kings obey ;
 And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
 Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
 This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
 But I mistook his patience for his fear.
 All that this happy island could afford,
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
 In his whole paradise, one only tree
 He had excepted by a strict decree ;

A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear ;
 Beware, my child ! divinity is there.
 This so undid all I had done before,
 I could attempt, and he endure no more ;
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death ;
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
 To th' utter darkness of the lower world :
 A dreadful place ! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe seducers more than me.

O N T H E
D E A T H O F A L A D Y ' S D O G .

THOU, happy creature, art secure
 From all the torments we endure ;
 Despair, ambition, jealousy,
 Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee ;
 A sullen prudence drew thee hence
 From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
 Though life essay'd the surest wile,
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile ;
 How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
 Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms !
 Poor Cynick ! still methinks I hear
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear ;
 As when on Laura's lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.
 How fondly human passions turn !
 What we then envy'd, now we mourn !

E P I L O G U E

T O

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

YOU've seen to-night the glory of the East,
 The man, who all the then known world possess'd,
 That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
 And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.
 Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport;
 And when his conduct wanted her support,
 His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
 Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
 Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
 Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
 Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
 That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;
 Born to advance the loyal, and depose
 His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
 Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
 And stopt our prince in his triumphant way,
 Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
 So when, in heaven, the mighty rebels rose,
 Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,

}

Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
 God kept the conquest for his best belov'd :
 At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
 Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
 All who before him did ascend the throne,
 Labour'd to draw three restive nations on.
 He boldly drives them forward without pain,
 They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command ;
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand ;
 But when his mercy without power appears,
 We flight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
 How weak in arms did civil discord shew !
 Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow. }
 Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
 Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born :
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

O N T H E
D A Y O F J U D G M E N T.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sibyls say.

II. What

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find !

III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with surprize,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then ! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake ?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring !

IX. Forget

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep : Accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI. From

XVI.

From that insatiable abyfs,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of blifs,

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

P R O L O G U E

T O

P O M P E Y, A T R A G E D Y,

Translated by Mrs. CATH. PHILIPS,

From the French of Monsieur CORNEILLE,

And acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cesar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.

When

When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had stain'd with blood, Peace flourish'd in this isle;
And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's judging sit.

But you, bright nymphs, give Cæsar leave to woo,
The greatest wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as generously as e'er he fought;
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.

And you (* illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A present destiny preserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

R O S S ' S G H O S T .

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
 Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
 Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
 To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
 The king's betrayer, and the people's slave. }
 Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
 I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
 I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy where the spring's impure.
 In all your meritorious life, we see
 Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
 Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,
 You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
 From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring,
 You shew us all your parents, but the king,
 From whose too tender and too bounteous arms
 (Unhappy he who such a viper warms!
 As dutiful a subject as a son!)
 To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
 Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
 Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:
 Both he and you were glorious and bright,
 The first and fairest of the sons of light:
 But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
 Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

T H E

THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE

THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
 Romans, are now become your own;
 And they will cost you dear,
 Unless you soon repair
 The falling temples which the gods provoke,
 And statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke,
 Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
 For humble, grateful piety,
 (As it rewarded their respect)
 Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
 All empires on the gods depend,
 Begun by their command, at their command they end.
 Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
 And, with unflinching pride,
 Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.
 The Scythian and Ægyptian scum
 Had almost ruin'd Rome,
 While our seditions took their part,
 Fill each Ægyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.
 First,

First, those flagitious times
 (Pregnant with unknown crimes)
 Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
 From which polluted head
 Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
 And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
 Bound prentice to the wanton trade,
 Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
 By practice of adulterous loves,
 And scorns the common mean design
 To take advantage of her husband's wine,
 Or snatch, in some dark place,
 A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
 And bids her rise when lovers call;
 Hither a merchant from the straits,
 Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
 Or city cannibal, repairs,
 Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs;
 Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame
 Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
 That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd seas,
 And quash'd the stern Æacides;
 Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
 Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield;
 And won the long-disputed world at Zama's fatal field,

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold.
 Either they dug the stubborn ground,
 Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did sound,
 And after the declining sun
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
 Home with their weary team they took their way,
 And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
 Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
 And we than ours; next age will see
 A race more profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Translation of the following Verse from LUCAN.

ViStrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

THE gods were pleas'd to chuse the conquering side,
 But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

HORACE'S

H O R A C E ' S
A R T O F P O E T R Y *.

“Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.”

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules, as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: but Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

“Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.”

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy), has made him want a comment in many places.

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinson's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own hand.

VOL. XV.

K

My

My chief care has been to write intelligibly; and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.

IF in a picture (Piso) you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
'Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and Poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
'This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile Antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some, that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines

Shine

Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest ;
 Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
 Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
 And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine ;
 But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
 And are as much to seek in other things,
 As he that only can design a tree,
 Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
 When you begin with so much pomp and show,
 Why is the end so little and so low ?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
 Deluded by a seeming excellence :
 By striving to be short, they grow obscure,
 And when they would write smoothly, they want strength,
 Their spirits sink ; while others, that affect
 A lofty style, swell to a tympany ;
 Some timorous wretches start at every blast,
 And, fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore ;
 Others, in love with wild variety,
 Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood ;
 Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
 Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square,
 May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
 But cannot finish what he hath begun ;
 What can be more ridiculous than he ?
 For one or two good features in a face,
 Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
 Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
 And often try what weight they can support,
 And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
 After a serious and judicious choice,
 Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse
 Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
 And knowing when a Muse may be indulg'd
 In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
 You gain your point, when by the noble art
 Of good connexion, an unusual word
 Is made at first familiar to our ear.

But if you write of things abstruse or new,
 Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
 So it be seldom and discreetly done:
 But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
 Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
 As they may seem to flow without constraint.
 Can an impartial reader discommend
 In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
 In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why should I
 Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 When Ennius and Cato's copious style
 Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue?
 Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
 To coin new words well suited to the age.
 Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
 And every year a younger race succeeds.
 Death is a tribute all things owe to fate;

The Lucrine mole (Cæsar's stupendous work)
 Protects our navies from the raging north;
 And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
 We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
 See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
 So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
 Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
 Why then should words challenge eternity,
 When greatest men and greatest actions die?
 Use may revive the obsoletest words,
 And banish those that now are most in vogue;
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

Homer first taught the world in epick verse
 To write of great commanders and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
 Though now we use them to express our joy:
 But to whose Muse we owe that sort of verse,
 Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with Iambicks arm'd Archilochus,
 Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
 And favourites of the Dramatic Muse.
 Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
 Awe the tumultuous noises of the pit,
 And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
 Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
 Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,

Who neither knows nor would observe a rule;
 And choofes to be ignorant and proud,
 Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
 Let every thing have its due place and time.

A comic subject loves an humble verse,
 Thyestes scorns a low and comic style.
 Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
 And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
 Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve;
 Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
 He that would have spectators share his grief,
 Must write not only well, but movingly,
 And raise men's passions to what height he will.
 We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,
 I feel the weight of your calamities,
 And fancy all your miseries my own:
 But, if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh;
 Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:
 For nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
 And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
 And these are all interpreted by speech;
 But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
 Absur'd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
 Observe the characters of those that speak,

Whether

Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Afians or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme
Than trust to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As you must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing."

In what will all this ostentation end ?

The labouring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse;
How far is this from the Mæonian stile ?

“ Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,

“ So many towns, such change of manners saw.”

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,

'The other out of smoke brings glorious light.

And (without raising expectation high)

Surprizes us with daring miracles,

'The bloody Lestrygons, Charybdis' gulph,

And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna shore,

Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.

He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,

When he begins to write the Trojan war ;

Nor, writing the return of Diomed,

Go back as far as Meleager's death :

Nothing is idle, each judicious line

Insensibly acquaints us with the plot ;

He chooses only what he can improve,

And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd

That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what every auditor expects ;

If you intend that he should stay to hear

'The epilogue, and see the curtain fall ;

Mind how our tempers alter in our years,

And by that rule form all your characters.

One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,

Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,

And changes every hour his wavering mind.

A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,

Loves

Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
 And make us slaves to interest and power.
 Old men are only walking hospitals,
 Where all defects and all diseases crowd
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
 Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use ;
 Ill-natur'd censurs of the present age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past.
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told ;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see ;
 Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
 But auditors must trust their ears and you ;
 Yet there are things improper for a scene,
 Which men of judgment only will relate.
 Medea must not draw her murdering knife,
 And spill her childrens blood upon the stage,
 Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
 Cadmus and Progné's metamorphosis,
 (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
 And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.
 Never presume to make a God appear,
 But for a business worthy of a God;
 And in one scene no more than three should speak,

A chorus should supply what action wants,
 And hath a generous and manly part;
 Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
 And strict observance of impartial laws,
 Sobriety, security, and peace,
 And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's wheel,
 To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud,
 But nothing must be sung between the acts,
 But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
 (Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
 Was entertainment for the infant stage,
 And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
 Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
 But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
 And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
 Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
 The verse, the music, and the scene, 's improv'd;
 For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
 Or men of sense applaud the jest of fools?
 Then came rich cloaths and graceful action in,
 Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
 And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
 Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
 As those deliver'd by the Delphic God.

The first tragedians found that serious style
 Too grave for their uncultivated age,

And

And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
 Whose motion, words, and shape, were all a farce,
 (As oft as decency would give them leave)
 Because the mad ungovernable rout,
 Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
 Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much
 To make a god, a hero, or a king,
 (Strip'd of his golden crown and purple robe)
 Descend to a mechanic dialect,
 Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
 With empty sound and airy notions fly;
 For tragedy should blush as much to stoop
 To the low mimic follies of a farce,
 As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
 You must not think that a satiric style
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
 Or the confounding of your characters.
 Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
 And if your style be natural and smooth,
 All men will try, and hope to write as well;
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good method and connexion may
 Improve the common and the plainest things.
 A satyr that comes staring from the woods,
 Must not at first speak like an orator:
 But, though his language should not be refin'd,
 It must not be obscene and impudent;
 The better sort abhors scurrility,
 And often censures what the rabble likes.

Unpolish'd

Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
 And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
 But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
 Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence,
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Be perfect in the Greek originals,
 Read them by day, and think of them by night.
 But Plautus was admir'd in former time
 With too much patience (not to call it worse):
 His harsh, unequal verse was music then,
 And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the Tragic Muse,
 Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
 Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
 Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
 This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
 And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
 Brought vizards in (a civiler disguise),
 And taught men how to speak and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great applause,
 Till her licentious and abusive tongue
 Waken'd the magistrates coercive power,
 And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
 And they deserve our praise, whose daring Muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
 And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
 Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
 Than for the force of our victorious arms;

But

But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.

O my unhappy stars! if in the Spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;
But I must rest contented as I am,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,

And

And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
 How judges and how senators should act,
 And what becomes a general to do ;
 Those are the likeſt copies, which are drawn
 By the original of human life.

Sometimes in rough and undigeſted plays
 We meet with ſuch a lucky character,
 As, being humour'd right, and well purſued,
 Succeeds much better than the ſhallow verſe
 And chiming trifles of more ſtudious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
 For her ambition and her end was fame.
 Our Roman youth is diligently taught
 The deep myſterious art of growing rich,
 And the firſt words that children learn to ſpeak
 Are of the value of the names of coin ;
 Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
 Hath ſuck'd the baſeſt dregs of uſury,
 Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts ?
 Can ruſt and avarice write laſting lines ?
 But you, brave youth, wiſe Numa's worthy heir,
 Remember of what weight your judgment is,
 And never venture to commend a book,
 That has not paſs'd all judges and all teſts.

A poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both :
 Let all your precepts be ſuccinct and clear,
 That ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,
 And faithful memories retain them long ;
 All ſuperfluities are ſoon forgot.
 Never be ſo conceited of your parts,

To think you may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a child alive,
 That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
 Old age explodes all but morality ;
 Austerity offends aspiring youths ;
 But he that joins instruction with delight,
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes :
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
 These pass with admiration through the world,
 And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
 A string may jar in the best master's hand,
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim ;
 But in a poem elegantly writ,
 I would not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our nature's frailty may excuse ;
 But he that hath been often told his fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent
 As a musician that will alway play,
 And yet is always out at the same note :
 When such a positive abandon'd fop
 (Among his numerous absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what magic they came there.
 But in long works sleep will sometimes surprize ;
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near,
 Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,

And

And boldly challenge the most piercing eye ;
 Some please for once, some will for ever please.
 But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
 Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
 Remember this as an important truth :
 Some things admit of mediocrity,
 A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
 May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
 Or be less read than deep Cascellius ;
 Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd ;
 But no authority of gods nor men
 Allow of any mean in poesy.
 As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
 Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
 And might with more discretion have been spar'd ;
 So poesy, whose end is to delight,
 Admits of no degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
 In other things men have some reason left,
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
 Despairing of success, forbears to try ;
 But all (without consideration) write ;
 Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
 Can turn them into poets when they please.
 But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
 Not to discern which way your talent lies,
 Or vainly with your genius to contend ;
 Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
 Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
 Mine and your father's, and not see the light

Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
 What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
 But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
 Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
 But men as lawless and as wild as they,
 And first dissuaded them from rage and blood;
 Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
 They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute;
 Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
 Brought all things to their proper, native use;
 Some they appropriated to the gods,
 And some to public, some to private ends:
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful laws were made;
 So great was the divinity of verse,
 And such observance to a poet paid.
 Then Homer's and Tyrtaeus' martial Muse
 Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
 To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
 And our best precepts of morality;
 Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
 (Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd minds)
 Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
 What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
 Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so;
 I neither see what art without a vein,
 Nor wit without the help of art can do,
 But mutually they crave each other's aid.

He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
 Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
 Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
 And no musician dares pretend to skill,
 Without a great expence of time and pains;
 But every little busy scribbler now
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
 And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
 Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
 A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
 A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
 To persuade customers to buy their goods.
 'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
 That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
 Never delude yourself, nor read your book
 Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
 For he 'll commend and feign an extasy,
 Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please:
 True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeited;
 As men that truly grieve at funerals,
 Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
 Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
 'Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
 And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
 You cannot arm yourself with too much care
 Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
 Would freely tell you what you should correct,
 Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
 And with more care supply the vacancy;

But

But if he found you fond and obstinate
 (And apter to defend than mend your faults),
 With silence leave you to admire yourself,
 And without rival hug your darling book.
 The prudent care of an impartial friend
 Will give you notice of each idle line,
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict enquiry mark your faults;
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love:
 Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 Will be of a most serious consequence,
 When they have made you once ridiculous.

A poetaster, in his raging fit,
 (Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
 Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense;
 They make a lane for the polluted thing,
 And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
 Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
 Fanatic phrenzy sent by heaven pursues.
 If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
 And minding more his verses than his way,
 Any of these should drop into a well,
 Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
 No creature would assist or pity him,
 But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
 Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
 In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.

Give poets leave to make themselves away,
 Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
 Than to keep men alive against their will?
 Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
 For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his frolic once again,
 And his pretensions to divinity:
 'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
 Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
 The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;
 But they are all most visibly possess'd,
 And, like a baited bear when he breaks loose,
 Without distinction seize on all they meet;
 None ever escap'd that came within their reach,
 Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,
 Without remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read men dead.

** Lord Roscommon's verses on the "Religio Laici"
 are printed in the eighteenth volume of this Collection.

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P O E M S

BY

T H O M A S O T W A Y.

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To

WINDSOR CASTLE,

In a MONUMENT to our late Sovereign King
CHARLES II. of ever blessed Memory.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
"Dúmque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
"Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudésque mane-
"bunt.
"Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ." VIRG.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign
King CHARLES II. of ever blessed Memory;
and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and
mighty Prince JAMES II. now by the Grace of
God King of England, Scotland, France, and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following
POEM is in all humility dedicated by his ever
devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name:

But

But that I wanting fame am sure of thine
 To eternize this humble song of mine ?
 At least the memory of that more than man,
 From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
 Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
 For wonders always did his name attend.
 Though now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Great were the toils attending the command
 Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
 Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest,
 Would never give its nursing father rest ;
 But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
 By rods and axes had been kept in awe ;
 But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
 In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd ;
 Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
 Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
 Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
 And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make ;
 Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand,
 Lent to our succour a forgiving hand.
 Though now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.

Mercy 's indeed the attribute of heaven,
 For gods have power to keep the balance even,
 Which if kings loose, how can they govern well ?
 Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel :
 Compassion 's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
 Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm ;

And

And round the throne themselves in tumults spread, 35
 To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head,
 By example this that godlike king once knew,
 And after, by experience, found too true.
 Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
 When he, our great Deliverer, return'd; 40
 But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
 The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
 And when this land in blood he might have laid,
 Brought balsam for the wounds ourselves had made.
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 45
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Then matrons blest'd him as he pass'd along,
 And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:
 On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
 Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50
 The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
 As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
 Of nature generous, and of stedfast mind,
 To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
 Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55
 Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
 True to his friends, as watchful o'er his foes,
 And a just value upon each bestows;
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
 The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's
 friend. 60

Now justly seated on th' imperial throne,
 In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:

Virtue's

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
 Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
 Till all his foes their just confusion meet,
 And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!

The second, for debates in council fit,
 Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit:
 To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
 Both men and books with curious search had read: 70
 Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
 And having form'd from all one curious piece,
 Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state,
 And could with ease direct the heavy weight.
 But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd, 75
 And never since seem'd perfectly pleas'd:
 For, oh! what pity, people blest'd as we
 With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
 Should so much of our old disease retain,
 To make us surfeit into slaves again! 80
 Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
 And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
 Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
 Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.
 Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, 85
 And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring chuse.
 Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
 Though much the lion in his bosom prest:
 But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
 That his own passions knew him, and obey'd: 90
 Master of them, he soften'd his command,
 The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:

Stern majesty upon his brow might fit,
 But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet :
 So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford 95
 One least perfection more, h' had been ador'd.

Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
 Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave :
 The paths of life by noblest methods trod ;
 Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god. 100

Though now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

In this great mind long he his cares resolv'd,
 And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd :
 Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd ; 105
 Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
 But, oh !

Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.

The elements due order here maintain, 110

And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain :
 Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.

But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,
 Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115

Mistaking every noblest use of life,
 Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
 For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife. }

The man in power, by wild ambition led,
 Envy'd all honours on another's head ; 120

And, to supplant some rival, by his pride
 Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.

The

The priests, who humble temperance should profess,
 Sought filken robes and fat voluptuous ease ;
 So, with small labours in the vineyard shown, 125
 Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
 That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) Law,
 Instead of doing right and giving awe,
 Kept open lists, and at the noisy bar,
 Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130
 Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
 Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
 Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,
 From false religions and corrupted laws ;
 Till so at last rebellion's base was laid, 135
 And God or king no longer were obey'd.

But that good angel whose surmounting power
 Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
 Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
 Nor faster could design than that foresee, 140
 Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
 From all its blackest arts, was with him now,
 Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
 For he was born to give it all mankind.
 By patience, mercies large, and many toils, 145
 In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
 Thence every root of discord to remove,
 And plant us new with unity and love.
 Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,
 Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars ; 150
 To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
 Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,

Grow

Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
 Like us the people, and like him their kings.
 But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies, 155
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
 Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
 Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
 A-while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160
 A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
 Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
 He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
 On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
 E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165
 Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
 Once in a happy hour was thither led,
 Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
 There tell, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find,
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170

'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
 On which that man of miracles was born,
 At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
 Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
 Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175
 Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
 The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180
 Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
 And chearful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.
 But,

But, above all, within those lofty towers,
 Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
 Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face; 185
 'Twas gay, but yet majestic, as the place;
 Tell then, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
 Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame, 190
 A reverend * dome there stands, where twice each day
 Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
 In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
 The cornet, flute, and shawme, assisting as they sing.
 Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, 195
 From the first tables of the holy mount,
 To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
 Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
 Here speak, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. 200

Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
 Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
 Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
 I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
 When one approach'd who bore much sober grace, 205
 Order and ceremony in his face;
 A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
 A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
 His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
 Ready to open all to all that pay. 210

* St. George's Church.

† St. George's Chapel.

This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
 My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
 Thus gently spoke: "Those banners * rais'd on high
 " Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
 " Which here their heroes with religion make, 215
 " When they the ensigns of this order take."

Then in due method made me understand
 What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
 What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove;
 Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love, 220
 Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
 Keep wrong suppress'd, and innocence from harms.
 At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
 For I had been told all virtue was but show;
 That oft bold villainy had best success, 225
 As if its use were more, nor merit less.

But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd.
 Tell on, my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind. }

I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, a † cell, 230
 Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,
 The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
 Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.
 Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
 Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey. 235

* Of the Knights of the Garter.

† An old isle in the church, where the banner of a dead knight
 is carried, when another succeeds him.

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
 Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
 The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
 Which equally on all mankind does wait:
 The hero, level'd in his humble grave, 240
 With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
 While here his trophies, like their master, lay,
 To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.
 Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
 Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet; 245
 Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;
 But what his recompence? A short applause,
 Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
 Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time, 250
 Ere yet his virtue be become his crime;
 Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his pride,
 Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
 But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear
 The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care; 255
 Whose mind no disappointment here can shake,
 Who a true estimate of life does make,
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
 So to that prospect still his thoughts does bend;
 Who, though his right a stronger power invade, 260
 Though fate oppress, and no man give him aid,
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave? 265

But

But if immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
 And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years, 275
 Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
 The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
 So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
 And they may rest, since † Norfolk there commands,
 Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the ‡ beauteous feat of Peace,
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285
 Where noble order strikes the greedy sight.
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,
 Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth;
 Or by the Theban founder they 'd been rais'd, 290
 And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:

* The Castle.
 of Windsor Castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable
 ‡ The House.

Such strength without does every where abound,
 Within such glory and such splendor's found,
 As man's united skill had there combin'd
 T' express what one great genius had design'd. 295

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
 But, at his call, from farthest nations came, 300
 While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
 Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,
 Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
 No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
 Nor ever were his nations half so blest: 305
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him prest,
 Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
 Through all the lofty roofs * describ'd we find 310
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
 And only fit for † his who did perform.
 The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
 Equal to what in temples shin'd of old, 315
 Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;

* The Paintings done by † The Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's
 chief Painter.

Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms :
For when wars troubled her soft fountains there, 320
She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here ;
With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest'd
As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
Waste and confusion through the wretched world, 325
To after-times leave a great hated name,
The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame ;
His country's father, through whose tender care,
Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear ;
Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes, 330
Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize.
But if submission brought her to his feet,
With what true joy the penitent he 'd meet!
How would his love still with his justice strive !
How parent-like, how fondly he 'd forgive ! 335
But now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
Since after all those toils through which he strove
By every art of most endearing love,
For his reward he had his Britain found, 340
The awe and envy of the nations round.
Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
Tell now what emulation may inspire,
And warm each British heart with warlike fire ; 345
Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,
And by the painter's pencil guide my quill ;

Describe that lofty monumental * hall,
 Where England's triumphs grace the shining wall,
 When she led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
 Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet,
 And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
 And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
 Here as a lesson may their eyes behold 355
 What their victorious fathers did of old ;
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
 Here may they see how good old † Edward sat,
 And did his † glorious son's arrival wait, 360
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he came,
 Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
 Oh, for such laurels on another head !
 Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace, 365
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
 And with no foreign education curs'd.
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
 Nor sent for softening into hotter air. 370
 Nor did they 'as now from fruitless travels come
 With follies, vices, and diseases home ;
 But in full purity of health and mind
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.

* Where St. George's Feast is kept.

† Edward III.

‡ The Black Prince.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

157

Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375

Which long had England's happiness oppos'd

With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,

All means to such a noble end deny'd,

To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,

And those revolted nations own'd their lord. 380

But now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,

Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

And now survey what 's open to our view,

Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,

The * temple by this hero built behold, 385

Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;

Whose radiant roof such glory does display,

We think we see the heaven to which we pray;

So well the artist's hand has there delin'd

The merciful redemption of mankind; 390

The bright ascension of the Son of God,

When back through yielding skies to heaven he rode, }

With lightning round his head, and thunder where }

he trod.

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given

Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven; 395

A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,

Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;

With riches too and honours was he crown'd,

Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.

Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said, 400

When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,

* The Chapel at the end of the hall.

To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly reign.
 " Happy were they who could before him stand,
 " And saw the wisdom of his dread command ;" 405
 For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest
 Of other nations Britain should be blest.
 Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
 Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight.
 Then to his throne in triumph him did bring, 410
 Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
 But now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it
 rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse. 415
 Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.
 Therefore, great man ! when next thy thoughts incline
 The works of Fame, let this be the design :
 As thou couldst best great Charles's glory show, 420
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
 The meeting of a numerous senate draw !
 Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
 And through the air let grinning Furies fly.
 Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate ;
 From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
 The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,

Then:

Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall), 430
'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall;
There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
Till their infection to confusion grow;
Till such bold tumults and disorders rise,
As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the threaten'd
skies. 435

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand,
His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand;
To send abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded ray, 440
Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away.
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
And all new peaceful order seem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng, 445
Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head;
With them t' have pointed her destroying dart, 450
And through the brain found passage to the heart.
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow
On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And sent him to the sorrows of the grave! 455

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;

How

How on his royal bed that woeful day
 The much-lamented mighty monarch lay ;
 Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king, 460
 No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
 Through many steady and well-manag'd years
 He 'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears,
 Which common mortals want the power to hide,
 When their mean souls and valued clay divide. 465
 He 'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew
 Its troubles many, and its blessings few :
 Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
 And grew familiar with his destiny ;
 Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate, 470
 Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
 Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
 While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
 To his poor mourning people left behind ! 475
 But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,
 None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive,
 For though a stubborn race deserving ill,
 Yet would he shew himself a father still.
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480
 His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.
 Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
 And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed ;
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
 And keep the foxes and the wolves away. 485

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
 And shew the wonders of fraternal love ;

How

How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
 The dying grasping the surviving hand ;
 How round each other's necks their arms they cast, 490
 Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd ;
 And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.
 Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,
 And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break. 495

Here let thy curious pencil next display,
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
 With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground, }
 And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by ;
 Th' unwear'd reverend father's pious care,
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain ;
 How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
 With different lines of woe in every face ; 510
 With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming eyes,
 And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.
 At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear ;)

Describe

Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
 Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love :
 Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,
 (For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh); 520
 Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
 With looks of beauteous sadness like her own,
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525
 So any farther sad description shun.

Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,
 'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead ;
 And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
 Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow. 530

Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
 To draw a prospect now of clearer air.

Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
 And there the embryos of time display ;
 The forms of many smiling years to come, 535

Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb ;
 Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
 To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.

Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
 Place too the charming partner of it there. 540

O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
 And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head ;

In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
 But all the wealth of beauty in her face.

Then from the different corners of the earth 545
 Describe applauding nations coming forth,

Homage

Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auspicious omens from his reign.
Set at long distance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose; 550
Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,
And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.
But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's chearful toils, the rich man's ease;
Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555
Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;
There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,
Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;
Or shelter'd from the scorchings of the sun,
Their labours ended, and repast begun; 560
Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did raise,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where Contemplation best may pass her hours:
Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts, 565
Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame.
Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears; 570
Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
When an ungrateful people's cause he fought;
When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights destroy'd:
But heaven such injur'd merit did regard 575
(As heaven in time true virtue will reward);

So

So to a throne by Providence he rose,
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes,

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

II.

To fight, and wish, is all my case;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THE

THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:
OR,
A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

" Si quid habent veri vatum præfagia, vivam."

To the Right Honourable THOMAS Earl of OSSORY,
Baron of Moor Park, Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of
excuse for a presumption of this nature than I
have now ; yet, when I have laid out every way to find
one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge :
and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for pro-
tection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection ; for to
the best of my heart I have here published in some
measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly
too (a practice never more out of countenance than
now) : yet truth and honour are things which your lord-
ship must needs be kind to, because they are relations
to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould

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'Twould

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

O D E.

TO a high hill where never yet stood tree,
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing air)
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
 A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down;

'Twas

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 177

'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,

When by the word it first was made,
Ere God had said,

Let grafs and herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so.
The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
Where we are told Peace only 's found at last :
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me !

II.

Nor ended there his moan :

The distance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone ;
But who can undergo
Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe ?

Down his afflicted face
The trickling tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.

Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-
proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its pain.
I heard his groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see

What the sad cause could be
Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so high.

On me he fixt his eyes. I crav'd,
 Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend:
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
 My much-lov'd friend; so down I sat,
 And begg'd that I might share his fate:
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale:

III.

I am a wretch of honest race:
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were,
 They left me heir to no disgrace.
 My father was (a thing now rare)
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled boy:
 'They gave me generous education, high
 'They strove to raise my mind, and with it grew their joy.
 'The sages that instructed me in arts,
 And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,
 And cheer my parents longing hearts.
 When I was call'd to a dispute,
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute;
 Yet never Envy did disjoin
 Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.
 Thus my first years in happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did taste:
 But, oh! a deadly portion came at last.

As I lay loofely on my bed,
 A thouſand pleaſant thoughts triumphing in my head,
 And as my ſenſe on the rich banquet fed,
 A voice (it ſeem'd no more, ſo buſy I
 Was with myſelf, I ſaw not who was nigh)
 Pierc'd through my ears; Arife, thy good Senander's dead.
 It ſhook my brain, and from their feaſt my frighted
 ſenſes fled.

IV.

From thence ſad diſcontent, uneaſy fears,
 And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
 Grew with ſucceeding years.
 The world was wide, but whither ſhould I go?
 I, whoſe blooming hopes all wither'd were,
 Who 'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
 To Britain's great metropolis I ſtray'd,
 Where Fortune's general game is play'd;
 Where honeſty and wit are often prais'd,
 But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
 My forward ſpirit prompted me to find
 A converſe equal to my mind:
 But by raw judgment eaſily miſſed,
 (As giddy callow boys
 Are very fond of toys)
 I miſ'd the brave and wiſe, and in their ſtead
 On every ſort of vanity I fed.
 Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
 Bullies of o'er-grown bulks and little ſouls,
 Gameſters, half-wits, and ſpendthrifts (ſuch as think
 Miſchievous midnight frolics, bred by drink

Are gallantry and wit,
 Because to their lewd understandings fit)
 Were those wherewith two years at least I spent,
 To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;
 Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
 grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,
 T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart:
 Or, when she had him in her arms,
 Secur'd his love with greater art.
 I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
 No beauty with my Muse's might compare.
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,
 Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair. }
 Upon her head a crown she bore
 Of laurel, which she told me should be mine:
 And round her ivory neck she wore
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
 With jewels and with gold, }
 Numberless to be told;
 Which in imagination as I did behold,
 And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
 Said she, These riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
 Riches which never poet had before.
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
 By royal favour, and by endless fame;
 But never told
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.

Thus

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 181

Thus by the arts of this most fly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching bondage brought.
Eternal constancy we swore,
A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie,
I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond
When first his puffage he lost,
Or could of half my pleasure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,
Bore witness of our daily loves;
And on the bark of every tree
You might the marks of our endearments see.
Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits
Of satire (written when a poet meets
His Muse's caterwauling fits)
You might on every rhind behold, and swear
I and my Clio had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
With offsprings of the choicest kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
And been approv'd by judgments of the best.
But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,

All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone;
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone:
 I try'd if I a verse could frame:
 Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.

 The more I strove, the more I fail'd,
 I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curst my dull skull, and rail'd,
 Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the last
 prevail'd.

 A line came forth, but such a one,
 No traveling matron in her child-birth pains,
 Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,
 Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
 Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
 Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

 I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
 And swore I 'd never write again,
 Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
 But when my reckoning I began to make,
 I found too long I 'd slept, and was too late awake;
 I found m' ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake

 I did myself undo,
 Had robb'd me of my dearest store,
 My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
 I straight to council call'd;
 Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
 I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 183

To me with readineſs he did repair,
 Expres'd much tender chearfulneſs, to find
 Experience had reſtor'd him to my mind;

And loyally did to me ſhow,
 How much himſelf he did abuſe,

Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treacherous
 Muſe.

I aſk'd the cauſes why. He ſaid,
 'Twas never known a Muſe e'er ſtaid

When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd.
 To all the Nine that on Parnaffus dwell,
 Where thoſe ſo fam'd delightful fountains ſwell
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow;

And where wit's luſty, ſhining god
 Keeps his choice ſeraglio.

So whilſt our fortune ſmiles, our thoughts aſpire,
 Pleaſure and fame's our buſineſs, and deſire,

Then, too, if we find

A promptneſs in the mind,

The Muſe is always ready, always kind.

But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies
 Her favour, all our pleaſure and rich fancy dies,
 And then th' young, ſlippery jilt, the Muſe, too from
 us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due;
 And as right ſearch into myſelf I made,

I found all he had ſaid

Was very honeſt, very true.

O how I hugg'd my welcome friend!
And much my Muse I could not discommend!

For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.

Then, to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
See here, my son, (said he) the valued prize;
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.
I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,
With a more horrid train
Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,
Or haunted Chloris in the mall.

The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;
A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
To ruin and disgrace it quite.

Philosophers of old did so express
Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;

By 's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
The other birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the night,

And only in the dark he strays;
Still wretch enough to live, with worse fools spends
his days,
And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.

Then

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 185

Then next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,
Who fought her love, and promis'd for 't,
To make her famous at the court.
The city Poet too was there,
In a black fatin cap and his own hair,
And begg'd that he might have the honour
To beget a pageant on her
For the city's next lord-mayor.
Her favours she to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aside,
Till at the last up in the rear there came
The Poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame,
A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name. }
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he
now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
Down in an obscure vale,
'Midst fogs and fens, whence mists and vapours rise,
Where never sun was seen by eyes,
Under a desert wood,
Which no man own, but all wild beasts were bred,
And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd cottage stood,
Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war,
By magic art brought thither from afar,
There liv'd a widow'd witch,
That

That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom wants and care had worn;
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
 Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride :
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctify'd.
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;
 And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy drefs,
 And bore the name of godliness, }
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace. }
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward show most lamb-like and divine :
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by heart,
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because, besides herself, no idol she 'd endure.
 Though not to paint, she 'd arts to change the face,
 And alter it in heavenly fashion.
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name :
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (blefs us!) the good old
 cause.

X.

A time there was (a fad one too)
 When all things wore the face of woe,
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
 And a destroying angel was sent down,
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquering
 hand :
 Till in th' untrodden streets unwholsome grass
 Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,
 And melancholic poisonous green ;
 Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill seen,
 Where some murrain-murder'd hog,
 Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,
 In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,
 And the cold soil productive made.
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare ;
 And, as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold,
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire commission ended, down there came
 Another angel with a sword of flame :
 Defolation soon he made,
 And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.
 Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old disguise,
 This witch with all her mischief-making train
 Began to shew herself again.
 The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd all ;
 Straight they were ready at her call :
 Once

Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast,
 That and her love they long'd to taste;
 And to her lust she drew them all at last.
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
 Was led astray, and had pollution with his father's whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing eyes,
 Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
 In comely weeds, and to the city went,
 Affected truth, much modesty and grace,
 And (like a worn-out-suburb-trull) past there for a new
 face.

Thither all her lovers flock'd,
 And there for her support she found
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does sound,
 With all ingredients for his business stock'd,
 Not unlike him whose story has a place
 In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.
 Of all her business he took care,
 And every knave or fool that to her did repair,
 Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the court.
 Those whose ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill-manners had preferments lost,
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,
 Lay nearest to her heart, and ofteneft in her arms.
 Interest in every faction, every sect, she sought;
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought

All those who use religion for a fashion.
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains
 To make their godliness their gains,
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
 She by her art insnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,
 The rebel power, the beggar'd spend-thrift lands,
 Out of the king's or bishops' hands.
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude :
 Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress
 Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances :
 Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
 With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning
 pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
 Till at the last she pregnant grew,
 And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
 This monstrous, most detested birth.
 Of children born with teeth we 've heard,
 And some like comets with a beard ;
 Which seem'd to be fore-runners of dire change :
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
 A form like this, so hideous and so strange.
 To help whose mother in her pains, there came
 Many a well-known dame.
 The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
 And madam Impudence the fair :

Dame

Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
 That loves to set good neighbours at debate,
 And raise commotions in a jealous state,
 Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,
 With all their train of frauds and forgeries.
 But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,

That 's always talking, always loud,
 Was she that first took up the babe,
 And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears :
 To spite the pillory, it had no ears.

When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
 To the blest family of Pryn.

But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,
 Or oath, the father was a lord.

The nose was ugly, long, and big,
 Broad, and snouty like a pig ;

Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig ;
 Lov'd to cast stinking fatires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
 And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
 And a hopeful youth to make him.

To nurse he straight was sent

To a sister-witch, though of another sort,
 One who profess no good, nor any meant :

All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept,
 Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,

A little smoaky mansion of her own,
 Where her familiars to her did resort,

A cell

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 191

A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god ;

And many an ugly loathsome toad

Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.

Under her roof all dismal, black, and smoak'd.

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,

Sprawling nests of little cats ;

All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood.

To make her spells succeed and good.

Still at her shrivel'd breasts they hung, whene'er man-
kind she curst.

And with these foster-brethren was our monster nursed.

In little time the hell-bred brat

Grew plump and fat,

Without his leading-strings could walk.

And (as the forcerefs taught him) talk.

At seven years old he went to school.

Where first he grew a foe to rule.

Never would he learn as taught,

But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.

Not that he wanted parts

T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts ;

But, as negligent as fly,

Of all perverseness brutishly was full,

(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,

And was obstinately dull.

Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the for

(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)

At last in part began to understand.

Some insight in the Latin tongue he got ;

Could

Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand,
 For which his guardians all thought fit,
 In compliment to his most hopeful wit,
 He should be sent to learn the laws,
 And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause,

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
 As by Nature he was bent
 To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,
 A wretch's converse much he did frequent :
 One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
 And in an unfrequented corner, where
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
 He led his hated life.

Needy, and ev'n of necessaries bare,
 No servant had he, children, friend, or wife :
 But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
 With which of beggars scraps he bought. }
 Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,
 Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.

He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.

The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
 Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept : }
 And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept ;

Old worn-out statutes, and records
 Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
 But bound up by themselves with care were laid

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 193

All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
 By the old long Rump-parliament,
 Through all the changes of its government :
 From which with readines he could debate
 Concerning matters of the state,
 All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight. }

XV.

His friendship much our monster fought
 By instinct, and by inclination too ;
 So without much ado
 They were together brought.
 To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he
 taught.
 He learnt of him all goodness to detest ;
 To be ashamed of no disgrace ;
 In all things but obedience to be best ;
 To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.
 He taught him to call government a clog,
 But to bear beatings like a dog :
 T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,
 But to profess them all for a pretence.
 Fraught with these morals, he began
 To compleat him more for man :
 Distinguish'd to him in an hour
 'Twixt legislative and judicial power ;
 How to frame a commonwealth,
 And democracy, by stealth ;
 To palliate it at first, and cry,
 'Twas but a well-mixt monarchy,
 And treason *salus populi* ; }

Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association;

How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,

'Twixt persons natural and politic;

How to make faithful servants traitors,
'Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
And at last troopers adjutators. }

Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
Of such-like wordy, canting stuff,
Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.

Where-e'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke,
By which becoming faucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place:

By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit;

For opening failings in the state;
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat. }

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,

But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his distaff drew,

His foes that found him saw he was but man:
So when my faithless Clio by her snare

Had brought him to her arms, and I surpriz'd him there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began;

To

To see how foolishly she 'd dress,
And for diversion trick'd the beast.

He was poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before :

About him nothing could I see

But party-colour'd poetry.

Painter's advices, litanies,

Ballads, and all the spurious excess

Of ills that malice could devise,

Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,

Hung round about him like a spell :

And in his own hand too was writ,

That worthy piece of modern wit,

The country's late appeal.

But from such ills when will our wretched state

Be freed? and who shall crush this serpent's head?

'Tis said we may in ancient legends read

Of a huge dragon sent by fate

To lay a sinful kingdom waste :

So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,

And each day with a virgin broke his fast :

Till wretched matrons curst their womb.

So hardly was their loss endur'd :

The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs

In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.

Till, like our monster too, and with the same

Curst ends, to the metropolis he came :

His cruelties renew'd again,

And every day a maid was slain.

The curse through every family had past,
 When to the sacrifice at last
 Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow:
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal brother
 now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey;
 On him has cast
 His sordid venom, and prophan'd
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,
 Which shall for ever stand
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
 Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
 Heaven took such care
 To make him every thing that 's rare,
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
 Why at his presence shrink his foes?
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
 Why through the world is he distinguish'd most
 By titles, which but few can boast,
 A most just master, and a faithful friend?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of him what orphan can complain?
 Of him what widow make her moan?
 But such as wish him here again,
 And miss his goodness now he 's gone.
 If

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 197

If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true;
 Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the world's esteem,
 Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men
 friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful country's sake,
 What dangers or what labours did he ever shun?
 Or what wonders has not done?
 Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
 Triumphantiy ye saw his flags and streamers play.
 Then did the English lion roar,
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
 Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
 Of Britain's honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;
 But constant as the stars that never move,
 Or as women would have love.
 The trembling genius of their state
 Look'd out, and strait shrunk back his head,
 To see our daring banners spread:
 Whilst in their harbours they
 Like batten'd monsters weltering lay;
 The winds, when ours th' ad kifs'd, scorn'd with their
 flags to play;
 But drooping like their captains' hearts,
 Each pendent, every streamer, hung:
 The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts;
 O 3 Their

Their ships at anchor now, of which w' had heard them
boast,

With ill-furl'd sails and rattlings loose, by every billow
toft,

Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung;

Till at the last, provok'd with shame,

Forth from their dens the baited foxes came;

Foxes in council, and in fight too grave;

Seldom true, and now not brave:

They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,

And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,

And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,

With spoils of victory and glory fraught.

To him then every heart was open, down

From the great man to the clown:

In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd;

And as his health round the glad board did pass,

Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass;

And shew'd the fullness of his mind.

No discontented vermin of ill times

Durst then affront him but in shew;

Nor libel dash him with his dirty rhymes;

Nor may he live in peace that does it now.

And whose heart would not wish so too,

That had but seen

When his tumultuous misl'd foes

Against him rose,

With

With what heroic grace
 He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
 True witness of the innocence within.
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring
 For his retreat to foreign land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
 If in his heart regret did rise,
 It never scap'd his tongue or eyes;
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 Sad as the business, fullen too
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The Court, where pleasures us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
 Desolate was every room,
 Where men for news and business us'd to come:
 With folded arms and down-cast eyes men walk'd
 In corners, and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
 When he must part: his last short time was spent
 In leaving blessings on his children dear:
 To them with eager haste and love he went;
 The eldest first embrac'd,
 As new-born day in beauty bright,
 But sad in mind as deepest night:

What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them past,
 Till grief too close upon them crept;
 So fighting he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the father in his breast did rise,
 When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
 And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
 Th' appointed time was almost past,
 Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore; and bid him haste
 To seek a foreign home;
 The summons he resolv'd t' obey,
 Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
 So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting throng,
 That blest him, and about him hung.
 A weight his generous heart could hardly bear;
 But for the comfort that was near,
 His beauteous Mate, the fountain of his joys,
 That fed his soul with love;
 The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
 To which all worldly blessings else are toys.
 I saw them ready for departure stand;
 Just when approach'd the Monarch of our land,
 And took th' charming Mourner by the hand:

T' express

THE POET'S COMPLAINT. 201

T' exprefs all nobleft offices he ftrove,
Of royal goodnefs, and a brother's love.

Then down to the fhore fide,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With folemn pace they pafs'd,
And there fo tenderly embrac'd,

All griev'd by fympathy to fee them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-ftander's heart.

Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidft afflictions fair,
He, though opprest, ftill great.

Into th' expecting boat with hafte they went,
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the fhore fome wifhes
fent

For that dear pledge fh' ad left behind,
And as her paffion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of fome tears her eyes beguil'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kifs'd away,

And, as fhe wept, blufh'd with difdain, and fmil'd.
Strait forth they launch into the high-fwolv'n Thames;
The well-struck oars lave up the yielding freams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wifhing flood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till leffen'd out of fight, and feen no more,
Then figh'd, and turn'd into the hated fhore.

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vow'd celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

IF thou 'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
 Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy:
 Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
 Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
 Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move;
 By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
 Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
 Upon my faltering tongue abortive dy'd;

Long

Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
 But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
 'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
 The gods obey him, and he 's king above;
 He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
 And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
 Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine
 Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
 Yet of my wedlock vows I 'll lose no care,
 Search back through all my fame, thou 'lt find it fair,
 But Love long breeding to worst pain does turn;
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
 As the young bull or courser yet untam'd,
 When yok'd or bridled first, are pinch'd and maim'd;
 So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
 No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
 When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
 But in our riper years with rage we love.
 To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
 And pr'ythee let 's together be undone.
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
 Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
 But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
 Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
 Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
 'Tis not a sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.
 And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
 I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
 Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
 Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.

To

To thy delights and Delia I incline,
 Make her my goddess too, because she 's thine :
 I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
 And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
 Shaking my dart ; then, the chase ended, lye
 Stretch'd on the grass ; and would'st not thou be by ?
 Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride,
 And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
 Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
 Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
 When under Ida's hills they offerings pay :
 Ev'n mad as those the deities of night
 And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
 But still each little interval I gain,
 Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
 Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
 And Venus will have tribute of us all.
 Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
 And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame :
 She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
 And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
 The faithless Theseus by my sister's aid
 The monster slew, and a safe conquest made :
 Now, in that family my right to save,
 I am at last on the same terms a slave :
 'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee.
 Let monuments of triumph then be shown
 For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.

When

When first our vows were to Eleufis paid,
 Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
 White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
 I love the man whose fashion 's least his care,
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
 To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
 And all thou do'st is lovely in my sight:
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
 That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,
 Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
 And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
 Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
 Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;

Atalanta's

Atalanta's love too Meleager fought,
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught :
 Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair ;
 Where Love 's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
 With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
 I 'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
 Where on each side the beating billows rise,
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
 More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete,
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away
 At Theffaly, where always let him stay
 With his Perithoüs, whom well I see
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
 Nor has he only thus exprest his hate ;
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight :
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my sister falsly ran away,
 And left expos'd to every beast a prey :
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
 Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right :
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I 've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault :
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How

How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled?
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
 Mother and son are notions, very names
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
 And with his sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,
 When we express it in the closest love.
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
 A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
 T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way!
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray. }
 But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;
 In public, kisses take; in public, give:
 Though in my bed thou 'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
 So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind,
 For this I am an humble suppliant grown;
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that 's seldom in the right;
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy knees;
 What 's decent no true lover cares or fees:

Shame,

Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond confession which I make,
And then some pity on my sufferings take.
What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies;
Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies;
What though my father's fire in beams drest gay
Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
And there shall my Hippolytus be king:
For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
So may'st thou never love a scornful fair;
In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
And every wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all
Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall;
So may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine, }
Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine. }

E P I S T L E
T O M R. D U K E *.

MY much lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise!
 Night, kinder night, 's the much more welcome guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree,
 'Tis when they 're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee.
 Last night methought (heaven make the next as kind!)
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first parents in their Eden were,
 Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our love;
 Hundreds of chearful birds fill'd every tree,
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty;
 While through the gladsome choir well pleas'd we walk'd,
 And of our present valued state thus talk'd:
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who 'd labour to be great?
 Who for preferments at a court would wait,
 Where every gudgeon 's nibbling at the bait?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste;

* See the Answer, in "Duke's Poems."

When the wide river he behind him fees,
Where he may launch to liberty and ease ?
No cares or business here disturb our hours,
While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we stray,
And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day ;
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,
Just as the sun, declining with his beams,
Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams ;
Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away.
Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep,
And sing their vespers ere they go to sleep :
There we two lie, between us may be 's spread
Some books, few understand, though many read.
Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and still finding cause for more.
How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
Then how he had revenge upon her sex
In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd ;
He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire ;
We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
And love their friendship, so much like our own.

But

But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous bottle and a lovesome she,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight,
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear Beverley, kind as parting lovers tears,
 Adderly, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilson, professing friendship yet a friend,
 Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
 What joys in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
 With choicest meats at least, though not with store:
 Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
 Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
 Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass,
 Then down we sit, while every genius tries
 To improve, till he deserves his sacrifice:

No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that 's done 'tis night.
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we 'll part,
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But every sense with perfect pleasure 's fed;
 Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet craving Love, till the next night:
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our books our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all;
 While the poor under-faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make court;
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had.
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
 He meets reception from the antic queen,
 Who thinks her majesty 's most honour'd, when
 Attended by those fine-drest gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows,
 And into court with resolute virtue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shook
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;

When

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE. 213

When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;
 No grove, no freedom, and, what 's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
 Gods! life 's your gift, then season 't with such fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world;
 But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
 By day what 's needful, and at night soft ease;
 The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that 's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man;
 To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey,
 But make life what I ask, or take 't away.

T O M R. C R E E C H,

U P O N H I S

T R A N S L A T I O N O F L U C R E T I U S.

SIR, when your book the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.

P 3

Lucretius

Lucretius english'd ! 'twas a work might shake
The power of English verse to undertake.
This all men thought ; but you are born, we find,
T' out-do the expectations of mankind ;
Since you 've so well the noble task perform'd,
Envy 's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd :
For when the rich original we peruse,
And by it try the metal you produce,
'Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd :
'Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse ;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the race ;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain ;
There the advantage he receives is found,
By you taught temper, and to chuse his ground.
Next, his philosophy you 've so express
In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dress'd,
Those murderers that now mingle it all day
In schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say :
If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
To wave for once their statute in that case.
Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher :
Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long

In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should fail, }
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale :
 So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.
 You 're only able to retrieve his doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome :
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood ;
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame ;
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shews their poetry so much in you.
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle,
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse ;
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
 Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lewd
 T' have dress'd Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd ?
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd }
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call ?
 No, since we live in such a fulsome age,
 When nonsense loads the presses, and choaks the stage ;
 When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,
 And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause,
 Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue ;
 That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,

In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
 What engines yet are wanting in his head
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,
 For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
 Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
 And senselessly, as squirrels jangle bells.
 Such things, Sir, here abound ; may therefore you
 Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true !
 May our defects be by your powers supply'd,
 Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride ;
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
 The majesty of poetry return !

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN UPON

His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
 Had surfeited this isle to a disease ;
 When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,
 And on the rest their dire infection shed ;
 Our great Physician, who the nature knew
 Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you :
 He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
 And finding whence before one sickness came,

How

How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there :
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.

When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New-form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all : Who struck the monster dead ?

}

See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loins he came ;
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the parricides that thirst for more.
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware :
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve ;
He wears a sword will justify your love.
With blood still ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.

His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurmuring to obey.
Think what he 'as borne, your quiet to restore ;
Repent your madness, and rebel no more.

No more let Bouteuseus hope to lead petitions,
Scriveners to be treasurers ; pedlars, politicians ;
Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for 't.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd ?
They 're mal-contents that every where go arm'd :

And

And when the horned herd 's together got,
Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood :
Renounce your priests of Baal with amen faces,
Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows post,
In recompence th' original was lost :
At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay :
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord :
He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
A people's folly, and rouz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come, }
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home :
Send all your wishes with him, let the air }
With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
The seas, like what they 'll carry, calm and fair : }
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command ;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
With kind assurance she shall part no more.

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
ON HER
RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,
IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see,
From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our present peace we expect encreas'd,
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them long;
Till

Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
 Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
 His father's conquering sword within his hand :
 Then th' English lions in the air advance,
 And with them roaring music to the dance,
 Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

P R O L O G U E

TO MRS. BEHN'S

CITY HEIRESS, 1681.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
 You care as little what the poets teach,
 As you regard at church what parsons preach.
 But where such follies and such vices reign,
 What honest pen has patience to refrain?
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,
 And run so very evenly your race,
 Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
 It must be so; some dæmon has possess'd
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.

Y' have

Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
 Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er :
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
 When'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
 Though still the cunning devil fav'd its own :
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us ;
 From filken doctor, home-spun Ananias :
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
 And fills the heads of fools with politicks.
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
 To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.
 Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
 For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
 To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
 Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings ?
 Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er ;
 But who e'er paid for a sham treat before ?
 Had you not better sent your offerings all
 Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall ?
 I being your steward, justice had been done ye ;
 I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

T H E

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind stars the pilot guide,
Shew me at sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.
For quiet, friend, the foldier fights,
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold ;
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Since wealth and power too weak we find,
To quell the tumults of the mind ;
Or from the monarch's roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait :
Happy the man with little blest,
Of what his father left possesst ;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend ?
From shore to shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome self can shun ?
For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under sail,

'Twill

'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day,
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd :
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels Fate's sudden blow,
 Another's lingering death comes slow ;
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease,
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me, a little cell I chuse,
 Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn,
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

T H E C O M P L A I N T :

A S O N G.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.

For

For when, as long her chains I 've worn,
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of scorn ;
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
May offer heaps of gold,
But surely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be fold ;
Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
For wealth, and not desert ;
And my poor sighs and tears despise ?
Alas, 'twill break my heart !

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
I for my blifs contend,
And plead the cause of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah, Sylvia ! thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part,
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
Alas ! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breast,
Her cruelty all ease denies ;
With some sad dream I start,
All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then

Then rising, through the path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells:
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart;
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more:
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told;
 For every lovely generous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart.

P R O L O G U E

TO N. LEE'S

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
 Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
 That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
 When it saw all, and said that all was good,
 The creature Poet was not understood:

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For,

For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
 To mould retailers of dull third-day plays,
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of bays? }
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation,
 But came by meer equivocal generation?
 Like rats in ships, without coition bred,
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing Poets, less by Poets known.
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting Whore-masters are not
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,
 Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
 T' adopt some base-born song that 's not their own.
 Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,
 To please the importunity of friends.
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,
 Till common sense forsake him, he 'll translate.
 The Poet and the Whore alike complains,
 Of trading quality, that spoil their gains; }
 The lords will write, and ladies will have swains!
 Therefore all you who have male issue born
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
 Tell them 'how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
 How Butler's faith and service was return'd;

And

And if such warning they refuse to take,
 This last experiment, O parents make!
 With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,
 The parish whip and beadle by his side;
 Then lead him to some stall that does expose
 The authors he loves most; there rub his nose,
 Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
 He by the due correction understand,
 To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
 Till he against his nature learn to strive,
 And get the knack of dulness how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF
 A P A S T O R A L

ON THE
 DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
 And thus disturbs the shepherds' peaceful reign?
 A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
 Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
 The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray,
 The early larks forsake their wandering way,
 And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
 Each nymph possess'd with a distracted fear,
 Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.

Diseases

Diseases with her strong convulsions reign,
 And deities, not known before to pain,
 Are now with apoplectic seizures slain.
 Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
 Each humble plant does drop her silver tears,
 Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away,
 To weep and mourn let us together stay :
 O'er all the universe let it be spread,
 That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
 The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
 eternal sleep!

Begin, Daniela, let thy numbers fly
 Aloft where the soft milky way does lie;
 Mopfus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
 Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
 Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,
 The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,
 He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
 eternal sleep!

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